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CURRENT COMMENT.

Now that the Senatorial investigators have recessed for a period, the politicians at Washington are able to catch their breath and take an accounting of their depleted stock of prestige. There is little in the situation to cheer those in either the Republican or the Democratic camp. Both sides are sadly bespattered, and there is a general feeling that the worst is yet to come. Under the circumstances, Senator Walsh's statement that efforts had been made in high places to cripple or sabotage the investigation is not surprising. One of the most suggestive items recently allowed to seep into the press-dispatches is the news that Mr. Fall's refusal to testify (on the ground that he might incriminate himself) followed close upon a conference between Mr. Fall and no less a person than Mr. C. Bascom Slep, Mr. Coolidge's private secretary and confidential political adviser.

NATURALLY, Washington is filled with wild alarms and rumours. Mr. Frank Vanderlip seems to have swallowed a number of these without much discrimination, and his performance on the witness-stand embarrassed no one but himself. Senator Walsh is of a more cautious disposition, but it is apparent that he and his fellow-committeemen have uncovered some substantial basis for the persistent story of a slush-fund of \$100 million or thereabouts—perhaps considerably less—established in Washington by interested privilegees for the accommodation of their political friends. It is reported that political place-holders whose actions or sentiments entitled them to tips on the stock-market from prominent insiders, were permitted to dip into this pool to assist their operations. The money, of course, was merely borrowed pending the success of the individual speculations. The Senate Committee has been delving into the books of various brokerage firms in search of the details of this friendly arrangement between the politicians and Mr. Roosevelt's type of "practical men."

THE tireless Mr. La Follette, whose resolution calling for the present inquiry started all the uproar, has now put in a postscript-demand for an investigation of Secretary Fall's handling of the navy's coal-reserves in Alaska. According to Mr. La Follette's information, Messrs. Fall and Denby planned to transfer the coal-fields to private

interests under an arrangement similar to that used for Teapot Dome. At Matanuska, it appears, the navy had a mining-plant equipped to turn out 250 tons a day, but after a brief period operations were discontinued. Extensive tests of the coal were made on naval vessels, and the report of the testing board described the fuel as "excellent," with a boiler-rating fifteen per cent above that of the coal shipped from the East for the Pacific fleet; yet when Mr. John E. Ballaine, an Alaskan railway-builder, went to the White House to discover why the Alaskan coal was not being used, Mr. Coolidge told him that the Navy Department had reported the coal "unsuitable for naval use."

THE inquisitive Mr. Ballaine then went to some of the admirals, and one of them who had signed the favourable report of the testing board also told him that the coal was unsuitable. When Mr. Ballaine pointed to the Admiral's own report, the Admiral hastily asserted that the quality of the coal was all right, but it was unsuitable because of its cost. Mr. Ballaine then discovered that while Eastern coal delivered at Pacific and Asiatic stations was costing the navy an average of \$11 a ton, Alaskan coal could be delivered at the seaboard at \$7.50 a ton. He took this puzzling matter to some of the Senators. Possibly a clue to the mystery may be found in the political principle that coal in a naval-reserve field is only "suitable" if mined and sold to the navy at monopoly prices by some favoured concessionaire.

THE oil-scandals have wholly overshadowed the sensational revelations of graft and incompetence in the Veterans' Bureau. Senator Pepper's investigating committee has lately made its report on this noisome mess, and after a year of inactivity the Attorney-General's office has belatedly been moved to perceive that it had certain duties in the premises. It is fair to note that the Department has selected a competent special prosecutor in Mr. John Crim. The story of the administration of Colonel Charles R. Forbes as chief of the Bureau has been dug out of the records for the New York *World* by Mr. Will Irwin, and it makes a sorry commentary on political professions of economy. Mr. Irwin estimates that under Colonel Forbes \$100 million of the taxpayers' money was dissipated each year in waste and graft, with no benefit to the disabled veterans. This gentleman, entrusted by President Harding with a position giving him control of the expenditure of nearly half a billion dollars a year, had an interesting and varied career; among other things, he was a deserter from the army. When Mr. Harding first met him he occupied an executive position in the Philippines, and Mr. Harding was there on a Senatorial junket. Colonel Forbes was a good fellow, and a friendship was struck up between him and the amiable Senator from Ohio. When Mr. Harding became President he pulled out a fine plum for the genial Colonel, who was just the sort of person the easy-going Mr. Harding liked to call to the official family.

COLONEL FORBES certainly had a magnificent run for the public's money. Mr. Irwin relates many tales of the gentleman's wastrel career in Washington, culminating in the grand sacrifice-sale of Government supplies at Perry-

ville, Indiana. This was virtually a private sale; Colonel Forbes announced it at the Bureau, 10 November, 1922, and it was held five days later. The items had to be approved by an officer of the Bureau of the Budget; but this functionary received only a skeleton list. His inventory, for instance, listed between 2000 and 3000 bed-sheets, but the favoured contractor received 84,000. When General Sawyer went to Perryville with officers of the Public Health Service, he found that some 750,000 unused hand-towels which had cost the Government nineteen cents each had been sold for three and three-eighths cents each—and the Public Health Service was in need of both sheets and towels. In all, 126 carloads of the Government's supplies had been similarly disposed of at modest prices. President Harding issued successively two orders to stop the sales, but they appeared to go on serenely. Finally there was a public uproar and Colonel Forbes was removed. This was not Mr. Harding's first disillusionment concerning the excellent company of good fellows he had gathered about him. The Colonel, like some of those closer to the throne, was fully aware of the practical advantages of high political place. He knew for what purpose God made little taxpayers.

SECRETARY HUGHES's outspoken criticism of the proposed treatment of the Japanese, in the immigration-bill now pending in the House of Representatives, is heartily to be commended. The definition of an immigrant laid down in the bill is so drawn, he points out, as to include not only Japanese labourers and others who are excluded by the treaty of 1911 with Japan, but also Japanese subjects for whose admission the treaty specifically provides; while the retention, in other sections of the bill, of existing provisions of law regulating the admission of Chinese and certain other Asiatics, operates to single out the Japanese particularly for exclusion. "The Japanese," as Mr. Hughes rightly says, "are a sensitive people, and unquestionably would regard such a legislative enactment as fixing a stigma upon them." Referring to the recent generosity of America in contributing to the relief of suffering in Japan, he bluntly tells the chairman of the committee, Mr. Johnson, that "this enactment would be regarded as an insult not to be palliated by any act of charity." This is strong language, and all the more remarkable because Mr. Hughes is not much given to this kind of thing; but nothing less forcible is likely to make any impression upon the Congressmen who seem bound to make the United States hated of all men for immigration's sake.

OTHER criticisms which Mr. Hughes makes show with what intelligent care this highly discriminating piece of legislation has been drawn. The use of the census of 1890 as the basis of quota-restriction has already called out protests from European countries, especially Italy. The definition of "countries of Central or South America" which the bill adopts, apparently does not include British Honduras or British, French or Dutch Guiana; and whether provision is made for Haiti, the Dominican Republic, the British, French and Dutch West Indies, St. Pierre, Miquelon and Greenland is not clear. The framers of the bill appear not to have heard that an Irish Free State has lately been created within the British Empire, or to have noted that immigrants from New Zealand and the Union of South Africa were not separately enumerated in the census of 1890. Mr. Hughes has also the pleasure of pointing out that the provision by which the nationality of an immigrant minor who is accompanied by "its alien parent" is to be determined by the country of birth of such parent, does not cover the case of a child who brings both father and mother along; and he accordingly "suggests" that in the latter case the child should take the nationality of its father. It is perhaps too much to hope

that the House committee will think all of these criticisms worthy of their attention, but Mr. Hughes has nevertheless done good service by making them.

WE have before us two protests against intolerance, each of them in its way praiseworthy without stint, while at the same time affording cause for shame that either should be necessary. The first is a resolution adopted by the faculty of Princeton University, protesting against the passage by the Legislature of New Jersey of a pending bill which aims to debar from the public and private schools of that State any textbook or reference book "which ignores, omits, discounts or in any manner belittles, falsifies, misrepresents, distorts, doubts or denies" the events leading to American independence, or relating to any war in which the United States has engaged, or touching "the deeds and accomplishments of the noted American patriots," or which "questions the worthiness of their motives or casts aspersion upon their lives." A literal interpretation of this law, the faculty of Princeton point out, would make it impossible to use, in any educational institution in New Jersey, the writings of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and other Presidents, diaries or other writings of eminent patriots, files of newspapers, and most of the books that deal with American history. The protest is based upon the contention, so obvious as to need no comment, that such legislation directly violates the rights of freedom of speech and of the press.

THE other protest, voiced by Mr. Evans Woollen, of Indianapolis, in an address before a recent meeting of the Trust Company Division of the American Bankers Association, in this city, is directed against the "Bourbonism" of the bankers. What was needed more than anything else, Mr. Woollen declared, was an understanding between classes, and to the attainment of such an understanding the bankers were in duty bound to contribute. There would be no progress in that direction, however, until bankers dropped their Bourbon attitude towards radicals, stopped opposing free speech, and ceased insisting upon the unchangeable character of property-rights. The right to inherit property, for example, is only a statutory right, and when the Government appropriates inherited property by the imposition of an inheritance-tax, the only question that may properly be raised is not whether such appropriation is right, but whether the common good is served thereby. All this seems to us so evident as to be almost axiomatic, but apparently it is not so evident to the banker-class, or Mr. Woollen would not have thought it necessary to fit his charge and ram it home. It all goes to show how some very simple truths have yet to make their lodgment in the minds of those who in a way control our immediate destiny by controlling our money.

WITH the reassembling of Parliament, Mr. MacDonald's Labour Government proceeded to come in like the proverbial lamb. There was nothing in Mr. MacDonald's inaugural speech to disturb timid persons, and not much to give his political opponents leverage for serious criticism. The new Premier foreshadowed plans to deal with the housing-problem and with unemployment. The extent to which these plans will entail a drain upon the Treasury will not be revealed until the Minister of Health makes his detailed report, and doubtless they can be considerably modified by the Liberal and Conservative brethren without causing the downfall of the present Government. The proposed capital levy was not mentioned in Mr. MacDonald's address, though he subsequently let it be known that for the present this expedient, opposed by the parliamentary majority, was buried, with a few flowers on its grave to appease the comrades from the Clyde, and other

left-wingers. In the matter of foreign affairs Mr. MacDonald was even more vague, though at least he was able to report that M. Poincaré, who did not always seem to acknowledge the existence of Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon, had somewhat cordially recognized his Government, while he in turn had boldly extended recognition, in the interests of trade, to the Russian Union.

If the first attacks levelled against Mr. MacDonald's Government by the leaders of the other two parties may be taken as a criterion, it would seem that the formidable political battalions ranged against him are equipped merely with an armament of air-guns. Mr. Asquith, with his ponderous regard for trifles, discovered a momentous issue in the matter of the Poplar Guardians. Under Mr. Bonar Law's Government the Board of Guardians of Poplar, a slum district of London, discovered such widespread unemployment in their section that they paid out doles in excess of the amount legally provided for, and sought to make up the subsequent deficit by local taxation-levies. The Conservative Government sentenced some of them, including Mr. George Lansbury, to prison, and decreed that the Guardians in person be held liable for their excesses of generosity. Mr. MacDonald's Government reversed this order. Obviously, the whole matter is of no great consequence, but in Mr. Asquith's careful mind it so magnified itself that in spite of his reluctance to risk a political crisis at this time, he almost brought it to the point of a vote of no confidence in the Government!

MR. BALDWIN'S assault upon the Government was chiefly interesting as an exposure of the diplomatic ideals of his own party. He chose to attack the recognition of Russia on the ground that it was not based on bargains in favour of British privileged interests. Mussolini, he pointed out, had made recognition conditional on the securing of concessions for Italian privilegees; and Mr. MacDonald, in neglecting to make recognition a matter of barter and sale, was guilty of a distressing lack of consideration for "British interests." We have seldom seen the functions of a Foreign Office outlined more bluntly than in this first speech of the leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition. Mr. Baldwin made it clear that he is unswervingly true to the fine old methods of diplomatic chaffering, which, as they operated at Algeciras and in the Near East, succeeded in bringing Europe to its present state of bankruptcy and despair.

WITH the native bankers of China refusing to take up any more public securities, and the native politicians scratching around desperately for a new loan of \$12 million wherewith to meet the current expenses of the Government, the collapse of the political organization at Peking into complete bankruptcy seems now rather more likely than hitherto. The Chinese Government simply lacks the political power necessary to make it an efficient tax-farming agency for Western creditors, and in this state of affairs, a revival of the agitation for intervention by the Powers may be expected at any time. In Japan, the situation of the Government is altogether different. Here the political system approaches pretty close to outright absolutism; the people are well disciplined and thoroughly under control, the heavy taxes are extracted with regularity and precision, and the credit of the Government is so good that the Japanese loan of \$150 million recently offered in this country, was oversubscribed within fifteen minutes after the books were opened. Measured in terms of the democratic ideal, the Japanese Government is no great shakes, but when we get down to the question of hard cash, it turns out to be a pretty good Government, after all.

If some historian should undertake, one of these days, to make a comparison of official morality in the United States and in Russia, on the basis of the attitude of the American and Russian Governments towards private applicants for public concessions, it might very well turn out that the joke was on us. The same Mr. Sinclair who made so many intimate friends at Washington in the process of securing the rights to Teapot Dome, also held until recently, and perhaps still holds, an option on a very important oil-concession in the region of Baku. The *Isvestia* of Moscow is making a good deal of the scandal at Washington; in fact, it is positively thumbing its nose at us, and there is not much that we can do about it either, until it is proved that the expense-account of concession-hunters at the Kremlin in Moscow is as heavy as it is on Capitol Hill in Washington.

AFTER five years of something that goes by the name of peace, there are apparently some two-and-a-half millions of children in Germany in urgent need of food. The American Committee for the relief of German Children, now undertaking a campaign for the collection of funds to meet this condition, has found its efforts somewhat embarrassed by the failure of German officialdom to haul down the flag on the embassy at Washington, on the day of ex-President Wilson's death. The papers have made a great deal of this incident, and some of the personages who formerly believed that the German children ought to be fed are now convinced that they should be left to starve. This may meet some people's idea of justice, but to us it seems that the punishment is neither proportional to the supposed offence, nor directed against the offenders; in fact, the incident hardly furnishes even the flimsiest excuse for opposition to emergency-measures, temporary and ineffective as they must be, to remedy a condition of misery which this country has helped so powerfully to create.

It has just occurred to us that with all the histories that have been written during the last couple of centuries, there is still one interesting and important subject that has hardly been touched, and that is the history of reading. We have had histories of literature, plenty of them, but they are essentially histories of writing, and mostly of writing that is at least moderately good in quality. What we are thinking of is a history that would approach the subject from the standpoint of the consumer of literature, rather than the producer—if we may be pardoned the use of the terms. Such a history would attempt to tell how much and what the people of a given country were reading in a given period; it would report on the continued popularity of old books, quite as much as on the vogue of new ones; it would give more attention to the *Sunday School Times* and the *Police Gazette* than to the *Dial* or the *American Mercury*; in fact, it would be a history of popular aspects, and as such, it would put a check upon the easy and misleading practice of imputing to all the people of a given period the kind of thought that comes down to us in the writings of those who were the great men of their time.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

MR. COOLIDGE'S STATURE.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S recent address before the National Republican Club in New York, together with his previous defensive statement on the oil-scandals, affords a further measure of his quality. The address was quite an outburst of words for Mr. Coolidge. Its profuseness gave us a vague suspicion that his protective armour of silence had been pierced in the recent mêlée in Washington and he was merely bleeding more or less inconsequential phrases and sentences. This impression was in some degree re-enforced by a careful study of the speech. It amazed us that a man capable of such clarity and brevity as Mr. Coolidge should use so many words to express so little, and should display such pitifully weak lines of reasoning in most of the subjects he discussed.

Mr. Coolidge, to take an instance, complacently assumed that while the industrial conflict "has not been fully settled," wage-workers in industry have through some mysterious process reached a point where their problems and struggles are virtually ended. "The rewards of labour engaged in commerce, transportation and industry," he assured his comfortable audience, "are now such as to afford the most liberal participation in all the essentials of life. What this tremendous opportunity now held by the wage-earner, if properly administered, will mean to the well-being of the nation is almost beyond comprehension. It opens up the prospect of a new era of human existence." Possibly some of our readers can find some rhyme or reason in this pontifical outburst of optimism. We confess that to us it is simply a meaningless jumble of words, which would seriously puzzle us if we had not been accustomed to similar jargon from Mr. Harding and Mr. Wilson.

When he turned to a consideration of the plight of the farmer, Mr. Coolidge again seemed to enter the realm of unreality. "Agriculture as a whole languishes," he regretfully informed his audience of lawyers, bankers and investors; and he went on to point out that while the prices of farm-products have remained virtually at the pre-war level, manufactured articles generally have advanced sixty per cent in price. His facts were straight enough; but when he went on to analyse the situation, Mr. Coolidge had virtually nothing to offer. It was apparent that his political inhibitions withheld him from any consideration of the real causes of the farmer's disability. He could say nothing of the system of tariff-robbery whereby privilege is enabled to bleed the farmer in respect of the things he has to buy. He could say nothing of the system of confiscatory freight-rates which consume the farmer's slender margin of profit. He could say nothing of the system of land-value monopoly which makes the price of the farmer's acres too heavy to be carried by the product he can squeeze out of those acres. The shrouded fates in Mr. Coolidge's political background will tolerate no mention of these essential matters; and so he was, perforce, content to set forth such remedial vanities as laws to enable the agricultural debtor to borrow more money, and plans for a higher tariff on wheat. Such superficialities may have been inspiring to Mr. Nathaniel A. Elsberg and other attorneys in Mr. Coolidge's metropolitan audience; but they will hardly prove inspiring to the struggling farmers.

Equally unhappy was Mr. Coolidge when he essayed to trace the hide of the farmer's steer through vari-

ous stages of purchase and manufacture, to its final appearance in the farmer's shoes. Mr. Coolidge's point was that when the farmer repurchases a portion of the original hide in the form of shoes, he "pays everybody's taxes from the farm to his feet." Mr. Coolidge attached to this fact the grotesque implication that if surtaxes on the higher incomes were reduced to twenty-five per cent, this situation would in large measure be remedied. One wonders what the more judicious of Mr. Coolidge's auditors thought of this irrelevance.

Indeed if the judicious, as they contemplated Mr. Coolidge's procession of *non sequiturs*, did not grieve, they must at least have felt frustrated and puzzled. The essential business of agriculture was clearly in a bad way; but Mr. Coolidge could give his hearers only a pitifully inadequate account of the causes, and he could offer nothing valid in the way of remedy. He declared that the method of taxation was unsound, but he made no attempt to suggest any rational and substantial change. He maintained that a reduction of the surtax on high incomes to twenty-five per cent was wise and patriotic, but he declared that those who advocated a surtax of thirty-five per cent were actuated by questionable political motives. He put himself on record that Mr. James W. Wadsworth, jun., fulfilled his conception of the ideal Senator, yet he could mention no single constructive policy in the public interest that this inconspicuous legislator had promoted or originated.

In touching on the oil-scandals, Mr. Coolidge admitted that there had been "most startling revelations concerning the leasing of Government oil-lands," revelations of "the prostitution of high place to private profit." He promised action, "immediate, adequate, unshrinking." Yet Mr. Coolidge himself has been shrinking ever since the lid was blown off Teapot Dome, these many weeks ago. Whatever legal action he may contemplate has been steadily delayed because of his curious instinct for selecting disqualified persons to take the place of his disqualified Attorney-General. His first selection proved to have been an attorney for Mr. Doheny. His third selection was likewise a man who had been connected with oil-interests. His final selections consist of two gentlemen chosen without consultation with Senator Walsh, the pilot of the investigating committee, who admit that they have no knowledge whatever of the intricacies of the public-land laws. One is a Senatorial lame duck whose legal activities have been strictly confined to matters of local practice in a small town. The other is a capable attorney who is on record as opposed to public investigations of the affairs of privileged interests. It is clear that Mr. Coolidge went about the selection of his legal investigators in this most important matter by a process in which concern for special knowledge and fitness played no part.

In spite of the character of the "startling revelations," Mr. Coolidge has insisted on keeping in his official family the Secretary of the Navy who signed the scandalous leases, and the Attorney-General who, according to sworn testimony before the Senate Committee, gave a verbal opinion endorsing them. When the scandal affecting Mr. Denby had reached such proportions that the Senate felt impelled to stretch its authority by registering its opinion that at least Secretary Denby should be removed, Mr. Coolidge coldly reminded the legislators that unless they cared to resort to the clumsy device of impeachment-proceedings, their vote of no confidence directed against a member of his official family was distinctly out of order. Under a representative political system, of course, a resolu-

tion such as that adopted by the Senate against Mr. Denby would have resulted not only in the resignation of Mr. Denby, but in the retirement of the whole Government. Under our system Mr. Coolidge is immune from such hazards. It is quite curious to note that in referring to the oil-leases in his speech before the National Republican Club, he fell back into his old habit of vacuous aphorism. "Character is the only secure foundation of the State," he declared; and, again: "The hopes of progress wither when corruption touches administration"; and again: "The heart of the American people is sound"; and yet again: "The moral force of Lincoln is with us still." Such fustian is all very well, perhaps, but is it possible that Mr. Coolidge does not realize that the present situation can not be composed by repeating copy-book moralities to the general population?

Of course Mr. Coolidge is faced by certain personal embarrassments, but after all they are only the embarrassments of a politician. They are the embarrassments of a man who is under the imperative necessity of cleaning house, but who realizes that vigorous methods are likely to sweep away certain convenient blocs of convention-delegates. Mr. Coolidge has been a politician too long to be much of anything else, and the present situation is too complicated for him. He is enmeshed in obligations and friendships, and in the fellowship of those who feed at the public crib. Since the revelations began, his political stature has shrunk steadily and visibly, and the shrinkage is revealed in his speeches as well as in his actions. If the process keeps up at the present rate, there will be little left of him by next fall save a few axiomatic banalities.

FOOLING THE FARMER.

THIS being the year of a Presidential election, it is in order for the various aspirants to break a few lances in defence of the farmer. We hear Brother Hiram Johnson, for instance, proclaiming in a campaign-speech in Illinois that the farmer's plight is largely the fault of the Government and must be relieved by governmental action. We cordially agree with our would-be President that the Government bears a large share of responsibility for the languishing state in which farming at present finds itself; but not, as Mr. Johnson intimates, because the Government urged the farmer to produce wheat and then left him to flounder back to diversified farming as best he might. There is something in this, perhaps, but not much. The farmers of heavy crops in this country know very little about diversified farming, and never practised it, even before the war. The average farm in the wheat-belt has an orchard large enough to supply fruit for the farmer's own use; it has a truck-garden for the same purpose; enough cattle to supply the farm with milk, enough horses to do the necessary work, and a few hogs. The chief crop is wheat, oats, barley; and farming is to such a degree extensive that one-third of the land is allowed to lie fallow each year. There is little rotation of crops. In other words, the farmer in the heavy-crop district is hardly a farmer; he is a specialist. He knows wheat-growing, and very little of anything else.

There is no doubt that the farmer has been treated unfairly by the Government. His was about the first industry to be deflated after the war; and this is quite comprehensible, because he is less powerful politically than certain other industries such as the railways, for instance, which have managed to get very tender treatment, on the whole, at the hands of the Government. Having abolished price-fixing on farm-products

and raised the cost of farming through substantial increases in railway freight-rates, those remarkable economists who legislate for this country proceeded to delegate the privilege of taxation to about every industry that could afford to maintain a lobby in Washington, through the highest tariff known in the annals of the nation. To be sure, the farmer was not slighted. A tariff was placed on wheat, just high enough to cover the difference between the cost of delivering Brazilian wheat at our eastern seaboard and the cost of delivering wheat from our own north-west, with a slight margin in favour of the home-grown product. Thus the railways and the farmers were protected at the same time, the consumer was prevented from the unpatriotic consumption of foreign wheat, and everything was lovely. But somehow, the plight of the farmer remained unrelieved. The tariff, by cutting off imports from abroad, cut off exports as well; and the farmer lost his foreign market. The large surplus thus kept in the country caused the bottom to drop out of the domestic market, while the cost of production per bushel remained considerably above the market-price. That is the situation to-day; and the result is that there is considerable demand for governmental action to relieve the farmer. This demand comes at an auspicious moment. Unless something is done before the election, the farming-industry is likely to be forgotten for a couple of years more.

Senator Johnson recommends the passage of the McNary-Haugen bill, now before the Congress. This bill contemplates the restoration of a ratio-price on the principal staples, so that they may have the same purchasing-power as before the war. It aims, that is, to adjust the price of the farmer's product to the price he is obliged to pay for the supplies he must purchase. If one assume that American industry, in order to thrive, must be allowed to enjoy the taxing-privilege, then there is no logical reason why the farming-industry should not be admitted to the Government trough. As Senator Johnson says, the farmer "is entitled to the same generosity the Government extends to manufacturers and railways." It would be sounder economics for the Government to clear the manufacturers and railways away from the trough instead of making room for the farmer; but Governments, unfortunately, do not exist in the interests of sound economics. Therefore—this being election-year—the McNary-Haugen bill may pass, and the tariff on farm-products may be raised. Then the landlord, by raising rents, will absorb a large part of the increase in price (if there be any), as he did during the war-period, and the country will continue to stagger on under the weight of increased taxation.

In connexion with the demand for a higher tariff on farm-products, some figures recently given out by the Tariff Commission are extremely interesting and instructive. The Commission, it seems, has been preparing for a hearing on the application for an increased tariff, by investigating the cost of raising wheat in the States of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana, and in the Canadian provinces of Alberta, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan. The results show that production-costs in the Canadian provinces are much lower than those in the United States.

Cost of production per bushel [says the *New York Times*] with land-charge at interest on stated values, was highest in 1923 in the Hallock, Minnesota, locality, at \$2.19, while it was lowest in the Moccasin, Montana, district, at eighty-five cents. In Canada the highest cost, in 1923, on the same basis, was in the Melita district of Manitoba, at \$1.31, and lowest in the Westlock district of Alberta, at fifty-three cents.

The average cost of production for the three-year period, on the same basis, ranged from ninety-six cents in the Moccasin district of Montana, to \$1.91 in the Casselton district of North Dakota. In Canada it ranged from sixty cents in the Westlock district of Alberta to \$1.64 in the Alameda district of Saskatchewan.

Now it seems to this paper that serious as the difference is between Canadian and American production-costs, a higher tariff will not afford the American farmer much relief. It will certainly not lower his costs; and with the home-market glutted, the foreign market practically closed, and economic pressure making him dispose of his product to the speculator at forced sale, there is little prospect that it will increase the price of his product. If there be an increase, the railways and the professional gamblers in wheat may be expected to drain it off. The tenant-farmer, and he is most numerous and hardest hit by the present situation, is an instructive example of the capitalist who is so much feared by our Socialist brethren. He is the entrepreneur in the farming-industry; he finances the enterprise, takes the risks connected with it, and by the time he has paid his labour-costs on the one hand, and the monopoly-charges of the landlord on the other, he finds himself just a little worse off than when he began to sow his crop.

If anything really useful is to come out of the hearings before the Tariff Commission, the way to go about getting it is to inquire *why* Canadian costs are so much lower than costs in the States lying just across the border. If the Tariff Commission should go into this phase of the question it would probably find that the lower costs in Canada are, in part at least, due to the fact that in the provinces of Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, industry is not penalized by government to the extent that it is penalized in the United States. In the four north-western provinces of Canada, as this paper pointed out in its issue of 24 March, 1920, "The farmer gets the full benefit of his improvements. He takes the virgin land and puts a farm upon it, and the Government encourages him to make it as fine a farm as his skill knows how, by levying no tax-penalty upon his labour."

We are inclined to believe that this policy would be found to explain a good deal, if the Tariff Commission would inquire into it. However, the business of the Commission, we suppose, is not to study causes, but to ascertain facts. It rather casts doubt on its own capacity for studying causes when it states that one of the questions to be considered at its hearing is whether an item for use of land should be included in costs of production! The people really concerned in the wherefore of cheaper production in Canada, are the American farmers; and it seems to us that they might profitably devote to this question the energy they are now wasting in attempts to get a governmental subsidy.

AN OPEN LETTER.

*Mr. George Bernard Shaw,
Adelphi Terrace, London.*

DEAR MR. SHAW: We cordially invite you to come to the United States for professional purposes.

Hitherto you have declined to come here, and we must admit that your reasons are strong if not sound. Once, if we remember correctly, you made a wry face over our policy of submitting strangers to our income-tax. Well, but that is only democracy. Our principle of taxation is that our institutions ought to be supported by each and every one according to his ability to pay, irrespective of what these institutions do for him or to him. This is the true democratic theory, and yourself

as a sterling democrat would surely accept it if you would once consent to examine our institutions and feel their influence and see how beneficent they are and how impartially they affect both the native and the alien.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

Do not take our word for it, however. Mr. Bok has written an autobiography which gives the alien's point of view—but no doubt you have already read it and been exhilarated, as we have, by observing in it the practical working-out of the democratic principle. The native's point of view might be well set forth by Mr. Fall or Mr. Denby, and we are sure that either of them would be glad to do it for you if you wrote him about it, unless he happened at the moment to be too much occupied with other matters which have devolved upon both of them lately, and which for one reason or another require pretty close attention. However, almost any of our public men could give you quite as competent an opinion of what American institutions have done for the American; you could hardly go wrong by picking at random. We only mentioned Mr. Fall and Mr. Denby because their names happened just then to be floating idly on the surface of our mind, somewhat as oil floats on the surface of water. We believe that a very brief survey of our institutions would convince you that the incidence of our income-tax upon visiting strangers is entirely proper and moderate, and that strangers ought to be glad to pay even if they never come here at all, just to have such institutions exist upon earth. That is what we think, and that is what we are busily arranging, by our system of economic imperialism operating through exportations of capital, international loans and other devices of finance, to have them do.

It is probably needless to assure you that thus we seek merely to enlarge and strengthen the jurisdiction of the democratic principle, and you will perceive at once that those who from time to time have to pay us a little something in this behalf will get great spiritual good out of it. If you still object to paying our income tax, however, it is a matter that can no doubt be adjusted with relatively little trouble, for after all, in the case of eminent persons like yourself and ourselves, it is quite well understood that the spirit of democracy is the essential thing. Many of our richest citizens, indeed, whose devotion to democracy is uncommonly deep and sensitive—they are always talking about it—pay hardly any tax worth mentioning; thus leaving themselves more resources wherewith to maintain the spirit of democracy among us.

Then, too, we seem to remember a complaint from you about a certain apparent exuberance and informality in our methods of making democracy prevail—by lynchings, for example, by tarring and feathering, and the like. It really is unfortunate that just as we are doing our best to make a good impression on you, the accidental shooting of a United States Senator, as the culmination of a series of annoying bootlegging scandals, turns up to embarrass us. We affirm, however, and give you our patriotic assurance, that these more or less extemporaneous modes of registering the will of the majority are never applied to distinguished strangers, no matter what may be their just deserts. Mr. Lloyd George came and went among us with impunity. M. Boris Bakhmetiev, we understand, has even settled here. These two examples should be sufficient to convince you that alien visitors who are really eminent are never hanged, or burned alive, however richly they may deserve either admonition, and that you have no cause whatever for apprehension.

The primary value of your dramatic work is that you so clearly reveal to mankind its capacity for making an ass of itself. Perhaps your best success at this is in your latest play, "St. Joan." Here you show how, under the influence of certain persuasions, prepossessions, superstitions, and at the bidding of certain ecclesiastical, social and political theories, the normally decent, kindly and well-meaning person stampedes his God-given intelligence clear off the reservation (as we say in our Western phrase) and transmogrifies himself into a creature of such incredible ineptitude that Balaam's sagacious steed would disown him. But Joan is long dead, and the other actors in her little tragedy are also long dead. The trouble is, therefore, that while you admirably show *their* capacity for making asses of themselves, you trust altogether too much to the spectators' imagination in leaving him to make his own intellectual pilgrimage down all that distance of time and space, and arrive at an estimate of *his* capacity for making an ass of himself. It is not your fault. The spectator, here in New York at least, is a mighty unimaginative cuss, especially where his view of himself is concerned.

Drama like yours, therefore, should be mostly contemporary, don't you think? Well, then, having had a good go at Androcles and Joan, who are perfectly delightful and fine as they can be, and since now you probably are looking around for another field for your energy, where could you do better than here? We ask this in all the pride of patriotism. The time for an artist to get his sketch is when his subject is in full action, unconscious action—like your Chaplain Stogumber, for instance, or your Bishop of Beauvais. The time for you to get your sketch which shall reveal to future generations the maximum capacity of Americans for making asses of themselves is when they are doing it; in other words, the time is now.

Are you aware that this is the only country in the world where a representative audience would not laugh Sir Robert Horne off the platform for what he said here the other day about Germany's responsibility for the war, and that actually, whole sections of our population still believe that Germany got up that war out of whole cloth? Where under the sun will you find the views of Russia and the Russian Government that you will find here; or another Mr. Hughes or Mr. Gompers? Other peoples have learned something of why wars are fought; ours have learned nothing. We came within an ace of going to war with Mexico in 1919, and the people who were urging it hardest are those who now stand chin-deep in the sweet-smelling mess of scandal at Washington; and yet, our public does not use enough imagination to put two and two together to make four! Look at our national Government; and the Bok prize; and the various clubs, associations and propaganda-mills all over the country interesting themselves in international affairs, and the conclusions they arrive at! You really have no idea of the richness of the field that awaits you. Why, only the other day we heard the proposition seriously advanced that the best way to secure the world's peace is for the United States to take over Indo-China in lieu of the French debt and make Japan a present of it to expand in! Do you think you can afford not to come over?

We are very serious about this matter. There is a great deal of talk about your country and ours coming into closer relations; and, as you are aware, the only sound basis for such relations is that each people should come into full consciousness of its own maximum potential asininity. It does not help matters for

us Americans to know what asses you British can make of yourselves when you try your hardest, or *vice versa*; but when Americans realize what asses they can make of themselves, and your people realize what asses *they* can make of *themselves*, a very salutary relationship can be set up. Frankly, we in America have gotten such a little way towards this realization, and we are so shiftless and reluctant about going any farther, that if you do not bring the drama to our aid, we shall probably stay where we are for a long time.

Nothing but the drama will help us, because as a people we are not susceptible to education except through pictures. We do not read with attention, and therefore what we read does not "take." But we like to look at pictures, and the scenes in a drama really carry the dialogue for us pretty well, so your plays get good appreciation here. If you would do a play of contemporary America—the kind of thing that Voltaire might have done if what is taking place here had taken place in France under the Bourbons—an improved and civilized people would dig it up a century hence and laugh over it and realize how much they owed to it and feel a warmth in their heart for the author of it, just as civilized people now behave towards "Candide." By all means come and do it.

MISCELLANY.

I HEAR that increasing use of the radio is interfering with the gramophone's popularity. I have never listened in on the radio, and probably never shall. While it is true that posterity has done nothing for us, courtesy, nevertheless, is a sort of prerogative of old age, and so I turn over my share of the radio to the younger generation, with the best grace in the world. Radio seems to me just one more prescription for a people already over-passive. You put the instrument to your ear and simply take what somebody chooses to give you. With the gramophone you have some field of choice at least; you can even choose to hear the same thing done over several times, which is often advantageous. The Greeks, indeed, had a proverb, or popular saying, "Let us have a good thing two or three times over"—*dis e tris ta kala*—and they knew a good thing, as a rule, when they saw or heard it. Probably they developed this discrimination by the exercise of their own choice, rather than through the quietistic virtue of taking without question whatever some one chose to hand them.

I HAVE been reading with the greatest interest Mr. Morel's articles in recent issues of the *Freeman*. What a complimentary view he takes of our national Government, to be sure, and how natural it is for an idealist to take that view! It puts one in mind of Goethe's lines, *Dort wo du nicht bist*, or of our own once-popular song, "They all look good when they're far away." Idealism, i. e., living by faith in the Idea—believing with Madame Sand that the ideal life is nothing but the normal life as mankind will some day come to know it—this is really "the way of life." But what incessant care one must take to keep one's idealism tempered by shrewdness without letting it be spoiled by cynicism; to keep it sweetened by humour without harshness, and patience without sentimentalism. All this is such a hard job that one may not wonder at there being so few idealists.

IN talking about fundamentalism and modernism one day lately, a nimble-minded friend remarked to me that the difference between Christ and organized Christianity is the difference between lamb and lamb stew. Could it be better put? To get lamb stew one must first kill the lamb; and then think how many different kinds of lamb

stew there are, and how inveterate the preference of each for his own kind—the Frenchman, the Armenian, the Irishman, the New Englander, and so on. It is a happy comparison, and I can see no irreverence in it, but quite the contrary; though it is fair to say that an orthodox acquaintance found it a little hard to swallow.

THE passing of Dr. Jacques Loeb removes a man whose influence this country can ill afford to spare. In the face of a widely pervading interest in mere technology, he devoted himself to science for its own sake, with an enthusiasm and creative spirit that might well call out the admiration and the fellow-feeling of a painter or a poet. With so much in the foreground, it is a fine thing to be reminded, as Jacques Loeb reminded us, that the scientist at his best has more in common with the artist than he has with technicians or mere trained reporters.

CHARLES BEARD, the historian, has mentioned to me the humorous idea of potting a lot of obituary-notices from the daily press and working them up into a kind of anthology of vacuity and blather. Surely nothing more clearly marks the degeneration of dignity than the death-notices of prominent men. One may read through column after column of them and be met by nothing but the most obvious and business-like insincerity. I often think of the three friends of Job, who came to him in his affliction and "sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great." They were rare old gentlemen, and they recognized the dignity of sorrow; and I wish with all my heart that they were here to write our modern obituary-notices.

CURIOUSLY, the very genius of our language appears to be against the journalistic obituary-writer. It makes for sincerity and depth of feeling, more I am sure, than that of any modern language that I know of. I would go as far as to say that no person can counterfeit deep emotion through three paragraphs of written English without so giving himself away that anyone of very moderate literary experience can detect the fraud. In this respect, our language resembles Latin. The apostrophe of Tacitus to his dead father-in-law, beginning, *Si quis piorum manibus locus*, and the inscription on the tomb of one of the Scipios, *Qui apicem gessisti, mors perfecit tua ut essent omnia brevia, virtusque honos fama gloria atque ingenium*, can probably not be matched in any literature for their majestic accent of sincerity and emotional depth. Next to them, however, I should be inclined to put certain specimens of English obituary prose that occur to me, though not from the pages of our newspapers.

No one, however, outside the New Testament, has contrived to put the accent of sincerity into a literary and philosophical treatment of death like Marcus Aurelius; no one has contrived to throw such striking freshness about his reflections on the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and on the activities that make our span of years really profitable. I have not space to quote, but the reader can easily find his best passages by reference to the index in Mr. Long's translation; and he may convince himself of their truth by substituting other names for those of the dead emperors, statesmen and warriors whom he cites. Metternich's work has crumbled to nothing, and Talleyrand's, Richelieu's, Bismarck's, and innumerable others. But not Bach's, Shakespeare's, Homer's, Rembrandt's, Dante's, and the work of many more whose names stand in their glorious company. Does not this fact of itself show the side of life upon which we should bear lightly and that upon which we should rest with our whole weight?

JOURNEYMAN.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

THE REALIZATION OF INDUSTRIALISM.

BETWEEN 1860 and 1890 some of the forces that were latent in industrialism were realized in American architecture. Where the first pioneers had fared timidly, hampered by insufficient resources, the generation that had been stimulated by war-industries and profiteering, by the discovery of petroleum and natural gas, by the spanning of the Continent and by cable-communication with Europe, rioted over its new-found wealth. The Song of the Broad-Ax still faintly lingered on the Pacific slopes; but the land-pioneer was rapidly giving way to the pioneer in industry; and for perhaps the first time during the century, the surplus of capital outran the demand for new plant and equipment. The Iron Age reached its peak of achievement in a series of great bridges, beginning with the Eads Bridge at St. Louis; and romanticism made a last stand. It will pay us, perhaps, to take one last look at the romantic effort in order to see how impossible and hopeless was the task it set out to perform.

In England, the romantic movement in architecture had made the return to the Middle Ages a definite symbol of social reform: in Ruskin's mind it was associated with the restoration of a mediæval type of polity, something like a reformed manor, while with Morris it meant cutting loose from the machine and returning to the meticulous handicraft of the town-guilds. In America, the romantic movement lacked these social and economic implications; and while it is not unfair to say that the literary expression of English romanticism was on the whole much better than the architecture, in the proportion that "The Stones of Venice" was better than the Ashmolean Museum or the Albert Memorial, the reverse is true on this side of the Atlantic. Inarticulate as the chief exponent of American romanticism was, it seemed for a while as if H. H. Richardson might breast the tide of mechanical industry and create for a good part of the scene a sense of stability and harmony which it had all too plainly lacked. If one swallow could bring a summer, Richardson might have ushered in a new era in the arts. In relation to his age, however, Richardson was in the biological sense a "sport"; surrounded by jerry-builders who had degraded the craft of building, and engineers who ignored it, he was the last of the great mediæval line of master masons.

Richardson began his career in America directly after the Civil War. Among the first of the new generation of Americans to be trained by the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he brought back to America none of those atrocious adaptations of the French Renaissance like the New York Post Office. On the contrary, he had come under the influence of Viollet-le-Duc, and for about ten years he struggled with incongruous forms and materials in the anomalous manner known as Free Gothic. The end of this period of experiment came in 1872, when he received the commission for Trinity Church in Boston; and although it was not until ten years later that he saw any Romanesque buildings other than in photographs, it was in this sturdy mode that he cast his best work. Richardson was not a decorator but a builder: in going back to Romanesque precedent with its round arches and massive stone members, he was following out a dictum of Viollet-le-Duc's, "only primitive sources supply the energy for a long career." Turning away from "applied Gothic," Richardson started to build from the bottom up. So far had the art of masonry disappeared that in Trinity Church Richardson sometimes introduced girders and struts without an attempt to assimilate

late them in the composition; but as far as any single man could absorb and live with a vanished tradition, Richardson did.

The proof of Richardson's genius as a builder lies in the difference between the accepted drawings for Trinity Church and the finished building. His ideas altered with the progress of the work, and in almost every case the building itself is a vast improvement over the paper design. Moreover, in his capacity of master mason, Richardson trained an able corps of craftsmen; and so pervasive was his influence that one still finds on houses Richardson never saw the touches of delicate, leafy carving he had introduced. With carving and sculpture, the other arts entered, and by his fine designs and exacting standards of work, Richardson elevated the position of the minor crafts, at the same time that he turned over unreservedly to men like John La Farge and St. Gaudens the major elements of decoration.

Probably most people who know Richardson's name vaguely associate him with ecclesiastical work; but Richardson's brand of romanticism was a genuine attempt to embrace the age, and in his long list of public works there are but five churches. If the Pittsburgh Court-house and Trinity Church stand out as the hugest of his architectural conceptions, it is the smaller buildings that test the skill and imagination of the master, and the public libraries at Woburn and North Easton and Quincy, and some of the little railway-stations in Massachusetts, stand on an equally high level. Richardson pitted his own single powers against the barbarism and shiftlessness of the Gilded Age; but, unlike his contemporaries in England, he did not turn his back upon the excellences of industrialism. "The things I want most to design," he said to his biographer, "are a grain-elevator and the interior of a great river-steamboat." In short, he sought to dominate his age, and so nearly did he succeed that in a symposium on the ten finest buildings in America, conducted by an architectural journal in the 'eighties, Richardson was given five.

Up to the time of the Chicago World's Fair, Richardson had imitators, and they were not always mean ones. L. H. Buffington, in Minneapolis, had to his credit a number of buildings which would not have belittled the master himself; but, as so often happens, the tags in Richardson's work were easier to imitate than his spirit and inventiveness; and the chief marks of the style he created are the all-too-solid courses of rough stone, the round arch, the squat columns, and the contrasts in colour between the light granite and the dark sandstone or serpentine. An architectural critic once said, not without reason, that Richardson's houses were not defensible except in a military sense; but one is tempted to read into these ponderous forms partly the architect's unconscious desire to combat the infirmity and jerrybuilding of his lower contemporaries, and partly his patron's desire to have a seat of refuge against the uneasy proletariat. A new feudalism was entrenching itself behind the stockades of Homestead and the other steel-towns of the Pittsburgh district; and here was a mode of building, solid, formidable, at times almost brutal, that served the æsthetic needs of the barons of coal and steel almost as well as the classic met those of the heroes who had survived the War of Independence.

I have emphasized what was strong and fine in Richardson's work in order to show how free it was from the minor faults of romanticism; and yet it reckoned without its host, and Richardson, alas! left scarcely a trace upon the period that followed. Romanticism was welcomed when it built churches; tolerated

when it built libraries; petted when it built fine houses; but it could not go much farther. Richardson was a mason, and masonry was being driven out by steel; he was an original artist, and original art was being driven out by connoisseurship and collection; he was a builder, and architecture was committing itself more and more to the paper plan; he insisted upon building four-square, and building was doomed more and more to *façaderie*. The very strength of Richardson's buildings was a fatal weakness in the growing centres of commerce and industry. It takes more than a little audacity to tear down one of Richardson's monuments, and so, rather ironically, they have held their own remarkably well against the insurrections of traffic and speculation; but the difficulty of getting rid of these Romanesque structures only increased the demand for a more frail and facile method of building.

Romanticism met its great defeat in the office-building. By the use of the passenger-elevator, first designed for an exhibition-tower adjacent to the Crystal Palace in 1853, it had become possible to raise the height of buildings to seven stories: the desire for ground-rents presently increased the height to ten. Beyond this, mere masonry could not go without thickening the supporting piers to such an extent that on a twenty foot lot more than a quarter of the width would be lost on the lower floors. Richardson's Marshall Field Building in Chicago was seven stories high; and that was about as far as solid stone or brick could go without becoming undignified and futile by its bulk. The possibilities of masonry and the possibilities for commercial gain through ground-rents were at loggerheads; and by 1888 masonry was defeated. Richardson, fortunately, did not live to see the undermining of the tradition he had founded and almost established; but within a decade after his death only the empty forms of architecture remained, for the steel-cage of the engineer had become the new structural reality. By 1890 the ground-landlord had discovered, in the language of the pioneer's favourite game, that "the roof's the limit." If that was so, why limit the roof? With this canny perception, the skyscraper sprang into being.

During this Gilded Age the level of good building had risen almost as high as it had been in America in any earlier period; but the mass of good building had relatively decreased; and the domestic dwellings in both city and country lost those final touches of craftsmanship that had lingered, here and there, up to the Civil War. During the first period of pioneering, mechanical improvements had affected the milieu of architecture, but not architecture itself. Slowly, the actual methods of construction changed: the carpenter-builder, who had once performed every operation, gave way to the joiner, whose work profited by putty and paint, curtains and carpets, to the plasterer, who covered up the raw, imperfect frame, and to the plumber. Weird ornamental forms for doors and window-architraves, for mouldings and pendants, were supplied to the builder by the catalogues of the planing and scroll-saw mills. Invention produced novelties of contortion in wood, unique in ugliness and imbecile in design. Like the zinc and iron statues that graced the buildings of the Centennial Exposition, these devices record the absorption of art in a vain technology.

One need not dwell upon the results of all these miserable efforts, conceived in haste and aborted for profit: the phenomenon was common to industrial civilization at this period, and can be observed in Battersea and Manchester as well as New York and Pittsburgh. Mr. Thomas Hardy, who was trained as an architect,

wrote the æsthetic apology for industrialism; and, in proclaiming the rightness of our architectural deserts, one can not help thinking that he transferred to the Wessex country-side a little of the horrible depression he must have acquired in London. "Gay prospects," exclaimed Mr. Hardy, "wed happily with gay times; but alas, if the times be not gay! Men have often suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. . . . Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new vale in Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule: human souls may find themselves in closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. Shall we say that man has grown so accustomed to his spiritual Bastille that he no longer looks forward to, and even shrinks from, a casual emergence into unusual brightness?" Even the best work of the period is blighted with this sombreness; the fact that so many of Richardson's buildings have the heavy air of a prison shows us that the Gilded Age was not, indeed, gay, and that a spiritual Black Friday perpetually threatened the calendar of its days.

If the romantic movement in America proved that the architect could capture only a small part of the field, and go no farther than the interests of privilege allowed, the building of the Brooklyn Bridge showed how well industrialism could handle its problems when its purposes were not limited by the necessity for sloppy workmanship and quick turn over. The story of its building is a tribute to both science and humanity. When John Roebling, the designer of the bridge, died, the work of construction was taken up by his son, and by his devotion to the task in season and out of season, Washington Roebling became an invalid. Confined to his house on Columbia Heights, for ten years the younger Roebling watched the work through a telescope, and directed it as a general would direct a battle. The strong lines of the bridge, and the beautiful curve described by its suspended cables, were derived from an elegant formula in mathematical physics—the elastic curve. If the architectural elements of the massive piers have perhaps too much the bare quality of engineering, the steel work itself makes up for this by the architectural beauty of its pattern; so that, beyond any other aspect of New York, I think, the Brooklyn Bridge has been a source of joy and inspiration to the artist.

All that the age had just cause for pride in—its advances in science, its skill in handling iron, its heroism in the face of dangerous industrial processes, its willingness to attempt the untried and the impossible—came to a head in the Brooklyn Bridge. What was grotesque and barbarous in industrialism was sloughed off in its great bridges. These avenues of communication and traffic are, paradoxically, the only enduring monuments that witness a period of uneasy industrial transition; and to this day they communicate a feeling of dignity, stability, and unwavering poise.

The Brooklyn Bridge was opened in 1884; Richardson died, after finishing the Pittsburgh Court-house, in 1886. There was a short period during which the echoes of Richardson's style resounded in the work of the Western architects; and then in New York two of Richardson's own pupils, Messrs. McKim and White, who had caught the spirit of the period which was to follow the passing of the frontier, prepared an appropriate mould for its activities. By far the finest things in the late 'eighties are the shingled houses which Richardson and Stanford White and a few others developed for seaboard estates: they recovered the spirit of the early

vernacular work, and continued the colonial tradition without even faintly recalling colonial forms. This new note, however, was scarcely sounded before it died out; and in the twenty years that followed, the conflict between industrialism and romanticism was swallowed up and finally forgotten in the rise of a new mode. Richardson had not died too soon. The quality of mind and culture which shines through his work was opposed to nearly every manifestation of the period that succeeded him.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

ROMANTICISM AND THE MODERN MIND: II.

It is involved in what I said last week about the function of literature, that it should tend towards the enrichment and enhancing of personality, that it should make human beings more humane than they would otherwise be, and less vegetable. How abundantly this is true, for example, of the Elizabethan drama and of the eighteenth-century novel! And how scantily it is true of romantic literature in general! I am not thinking primarily of the great romantics themselves, though many of them would serve as horrible examples of the desiccation and enfeeblement of personality that seems to lie in wait for the dualist. Over the drought-stricken old age of Wordsworth, as over the flaccid old age of Coleridge, charity would prefer to draw a veil; and readers of Sir Sidney Colvin's memoirs will not soon forget his picture of the elderly Rossetti visibly and obscenely going to pieces as his chloral habit entrenched itself and his *manie des persécutions* took more and more morbid forms. These are perfectly typical examples of the malady, and in themselves they point to something inherently disintegrative in romanticism; but the corruption of personality I had more particularly in mind is that which is traceable in romantic literature itself. Is it not singular that the mechanization of society which we are considering should have been from the outset so thoroughgoing that it could have had this effect on literature as certainly and as strikingly as it did on life? Take for example that fine flower of the romantic imagination, the historical novel (a relapse, we must think, in the development of the novel as a form): what more eloquent testimony to this decay could one desire than to turn from the vibrant vitality and hardy "personalism" of the earlier novel to the shadowy and flimsy brush-work of Scott's and Dickens's and Bulwer's historical fiction? Think, for another witness, of the Continental vogue (among scores of sensitive minds) of the highly romantic tales of E. A. Poe, those tales in which the mechanical imagination is at its zenith, the humane imagination at its nadir; there is not a persuasive human figure in the whole lot. It would appear to be an artist's penalty for escaping from reality that his hold upon reality relaxes *pas à pas*: at any rate, the romantic abandonment of present immediacy has been accompanied, from Coleridge and Chateaubriand to Stevenson and Kipling, by a failure to reproduce human personality in literature in any but the most insubstantial way. Romantic writings are as crowded as the banks of the Styx with bodiless and bloodless ghosts; the populations of modern industrial communities are only less like human beings developed "above the biological level." "Heaven is the home of the masters of reality," says John Tanner, "hell is the home of the unreal and of the seekers for happiness." Do the romantics and the industrials live in heaven or in hell?

For some such reasons as these, in any case, romanticism may justly be regarded as a "great heresy"; it has done nothing to humanize for men the life about them, and it has tended to the impoverishing of personality rather than to its enrichment. If this had been the only outcome of the development of scientific thought, we should feel warranted in considering it, as the romanticists themselves did, an enemy to the human spirit—a conclusion we should be reluctant to reach. If nothing else in the whole complex matter is clear, however, it is clear that industrialism was only a kind of accidental result of scientific knowledge and in no sense a necessary result: that it was the peculiar social and economic conditions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (as well as science) that made industrialism a natural development. If science gave an impetus to that development, it was, so to say, through no fault of her own. And while the evil results of applying mechanical science to economic life were becoming shockingly evident, the beneficent results of scientific thought as a discipline were working their way into men's minds. It was in 1769 that Diderot said, "*C'est une belle chose que la science économique, mais elle nous abrutira*": but at the moment when he was thus exorcizing economic science, he was approaching the end of his great supervisory work on that Encyclopædia which was to be one of the chief episodes in the liberation of the human spirit by scientific knowledge. I am stating the merest platitude of the textbook when I say that to the enlargement of men's minds from this kind of knowledge, every spiritual gain of modern times can in one way or another be traced. It is no part of my purpose to argue the case for science; I have not the temerity to enter lists already so ably filled. What I am concerned to remark is that the injury science may have done to the modern mind through its bastard daughter Romanticism, it has compensated for through that more lawful offspring which for want of a better name I have called Modernism. Its inspiration on this level has tended steadily to counteract the other in just those directions I have spoken of: it has concentrated men's minds on the world about them and made them curious to interpret it, and it has (in many writers who have felt its influence) enriched and enlarged their feeling for personality rather than enfeebled it.

As to the first of these, I need surely say little. The most striking divergence between the romantic thought incited by industrialism, and the modern thought inspired by science, is that the latter has preoccupied men more and more with immediate reality, with the world as it is and not as it might or ought to be. It would have had this humanizing effect, if through nothing else, through the blow it struck at supernaturalism: the form romanticism had taken in the Middle Ages had been to preoccupy men with the future life rather than the present, and with a supernatural order of existence; modern thought is at its best naturalistic, realistic, and (in the French sense) positive. The change, indeed, has been so profound, so far-reaching, and at many points so unobtrusive, that it would take a vast work of cultural history to trace it completely. I can only mention here an example or two of what I mean. Is it not to his scientific naturalism, his strong sense of deterministic causation, that Taine owes the chief part of his reputation as a critic? Was not the enormous influence Ibsen had on his generation due as much to his concern for the natural man in his social relations, as to any other single thing? And in spite of his satire on the arrogance of many scientists, could Mr. Shaw, or any of the social

dramatists and novelists of modern Europe, deny that his naturalistic views of life were but a part of his heritage of scientific thought?

It may seem something of a paradox to say that the science which in some of its fruits has been responsible for the frustration and decay of personality, has in others been responsible for its revival. Yet it is at least worthy of remark that a concern for personality has engaged many modern thinkers who have been most affected by scientific knowledge: and it is after all not strange that this should be a result of the process that has led men to think of human life on earth as a thing significant in itself, not merely as a preparation for a life to come. Let me remark briefly on four writers who illustrate the point: John Stuart Mill, Whitman, Samuel Butler, and Mr. Bertrand Russell—all of them influenced, at least indirectly, by the revelations of science. I should think it might be said that, in spite of its basis in an archaic psychology, Mill's "Essay on Liberty" is the final account of individual development, personal maturation, as the central aim of social organization, the central concern of social philosophy. "If it were felt," he says, "that the free development of individuality is one of the leading essentials of well-being; that it is not only a co-ordinate element with all that is designated by the terms civilization, instruction, education, culture, but is itself a necessary part and condition of all those things," the problem of liberty would not be a difficult one: this is the thematic strain of the whole essay. It is even noteworthy that Mill should have detected the incompatibility between mechanism and personalism clearly enough to say, "Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing." And the concert of Whitman's thought with Mill's is so close as to reveal itself in phraseology: "The quality of Being, in the object's self, according to its own central idea and purpose, and of growing therefrom and thereto . . . is the lesson of Nature." What is the theme of the deeply moving "Democratic Vistas" if it is not this mission of democracy as the instrument by which a "rich, luxuriant, varied personalism" is to be made widely possible?

Butler's title to inclusion in a group like this rests not only on his satire of the machines in "Erewhon"—"modern" as that is—but even more solidly on that novel which marked the end of one epoch and the beginning of a new one, "The Way of All Flesh." The revolt against religious dogmatism is but one-half of the fable, and the lesser half at that: the reassertion of the rights of the individual to full and free experience, to personal expansion unrestricted by fetishistic conventions, is what gives the book its vast moral importance. "I will live as I like living, not as other people would like me to live," said Ernest Pontifex to his guardian at the end; and an age came trooping clamorously on the heels of his defiant phrases. I will not do Mr. Bertrand Russell the injustice to say that he derives from Ernest Pontifex; but he would surely endorse the sentiments I have quoted. More than any other social thinker of our time he has kept this matter of personality and its prerogatives in the centre of his vision. "The greatest possible amount of free development of individuals is, to my mind, the goal at which a social system ought to aim," he says in his latest volume—a volume in which humanistic naturalism has borne some of its ripest fruits of unromantic thought.

If I have drawn away somewhat abruptly from the purely literary aspects of the whole matter, it is because of my conviction that the literature of any age is conditioned and "determined" by the social and intellectual circumstances of that age, and can not be understood without reference to them. In the light of this conviction, I recognize that as things are in our mechanistic civilization, literature has a very difficult time of it. I should dislike to be beguiled into an easy optimism; yet I think that it is precisely to the phenomena we have considered, that we can look most hopefully for portents of what is in store for us. We are still, as social beings, living under the shadow of the mechanical sciences of the seventeenth century: we have only begun to emerge—if indeed we have emerged at all—into the light of the biological sciences of the nineteenth. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, in an article not long since in the *Century*, is my authority for saying that the realms of knowledge opened up by biology have not begun to be utilized for human ends. Is it conceivable that when they are so utilized, there will be no profound alterations in the structure of our economic life? Surely we may look to see an exposure by social scientists of the incompatibility between mechanistic industrialism as we know it, and a happy, humane existence. Is there not some ground for reassurance in the programme of that newest-born of biological sciences, behaviouristic psychology? The last chapter of Mr. John B. Watson's volume, for example, is a chapter on "Personality," the study of which, here outlined, he declares to be the matrix of his science. Mr. Watson and his confrères have been accused of advocating a "muscle-twitch psychology"; yet it is not unlikely that their conception of the organism as a unit, and their interest in motive, will, by exploding such myths as "the economic man," have social consequences far more considerable than their adversaries might expect. If it is not clear from what I have said already that literature will have everything to gain from these consequences, I can not hope to make it any clearer at this point; gains for humanity are, *pari passu*, gains for the expression of humanity that we call literature, and losses for humanity are losses for literature. Industrialism had been a loss of ground for the one, and romanticism a loss of ground for the other: if we are content for the moment to "clothe ourselves with the cold future air," we may derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that socialism will be a gain of ground for both.

NEWTON ARVIN.

TIDES.

ON a bright and flashing morning, when the stars were reborn with blinding intensity on the surface of the sea, I skirted the edge of foam miles and miles down the empty beach. Sand-fleas danced up into the light, the dune grass was astir, the sand itself rose up in delicate scarves and whorls, revolving in the thick, salt wind. Sandpipers with long, hysterical legs that became invisible with speed, cleverly kept just out of reach of the water, though seemingly preoccupied with nothing but the delicious little tit-bits that they plucked from holes in the sand. Everything was moving in exquisitely irregular measures, except for the lumbering giant who plodded through the sand as though it were a snowdrift. So arrowy was the golden rain which struck the water and glanced back towards the sun again, that less accustomed eyes than mine would have been too dazzled to follow the ever-changing patterns of fire and darkness, the flame-tipped crest sinking into the purple trough and flinging its spear to the next wave be-

yond, until sparkle and shadow collapsed together in a green somersault and a plume of spray.

It was a keen day, sharpened to a sword's point by the hard blue air, a day that washed clean the whole muddled coast of the world, and for a few ecstatic moments transformed the heart into a crystal, like a dull pebble burnished by the salt. Old Ponce de Leon went inland seeking the Fountain of Youth and found Death, after weeks of sailing over the only element which can make men young—and that only for a few hours or days. Where, I wonder, in the blue untroubled smile of Ocean, lurks a memory of the quaint ship he travelled in, of all the ships of all the travellers; the triremes and caravels and galleons and frigates of unrest. We may dig up the gardens of Babylon and uncover the bones of Egypt, but I would rather have a glimpse of engulfed Atlantis or see the figurehead of the "Half Moon" drifting slowly down the Hudson of the underworld.

As I followed the ebb tide, my thoughts moved in an ordered confusion like that of the ocean itself, with its myriad chatterings and whisperings merged in a single tone; its innumerable ripples fretting the surface of a single breaker, and all that mass of tumultuous water marching in time to the unheard music of the moon. Every sense was taut with the possibility of adventure. A breath of the stinging air was a dream of islands where only the sea birds scale incalculable cliffs; the boom and crash of the breakers was the shout of red-bearded Vikings as they beached their long ships on the coast of Iceland. Endlessly the waves came in rolling with dark solemnity till they felt the grate of sand under their wheels. They paused; their blunt tops sharpened to an edge thin as a razor; for a moment the sun shone through them as through a wall of green glass, and then with a long slow rush they spread their white fan along the shore. And not the biggest breakers that burst in one blow penetrated farthest up the beach, but the small demure waves, that turned over with a flap and rode triumphantly up the slope on the back of some spent monster.

At noon, I could see far down the shore a dark streak marking some blatant "resort." The pygmies that inhabit so insignificant a town, unaware of the ludicrous contrast, had built out into the ocean itself, daring his strength with their steel spiles, their piers, and their gewgaw roofs. I had to laugh with the vanity of it, a vanity so much vaster than the structures themselves that in its changelessness it almost bears comparison with the sea. Wasn't it Horace who made fun of the gaudy seaside palaces of his day? And doubtless many before him. Vanity! one of the so-called eternal verities, I suppose, like love and fear, life and death—poets' material. I thought of the time when even these anchorages of humanity will be swept away; of the planet's senility, when, its pace slackening, it lengthens its days to years of wan, wintry shadow, and its nights to years of polar blackness. The grey sun will hang dying and lustreless over the bare tundra for weeks at a time, powerless to dispatch a solitary ray of light to awaken a solitary blade of grass on the frozen wilderness. The soil will be contracted with cold. The sea alone, crawling under its scum of ice, will still move with faint animation, trailing the invisible moon. Evolution! History! Eternal Verities! I looked down the shore towards the line of houses, but an arm of fog stretched from the east and blotted them out utterly.

It was, indeed, growing cloudy under the east wind, and the horizon took on a hard, brittle look, in preparation to break into fragments of storm. Unwilling to lose the rich colour of the morning and knowing no other way to catch the last of it, I stripped and flung myself into it, diving down with open eyes that I might see the long flight of terraced steps which the tide had carved from the sand.

Golden steps under the green dome, littered with shells and coral, and leading down, if one could but follow them, to the decks of treasure ships and to the halls where the kings of Atlantis took counsel with God. So I tried to follow them, but scarcely had I arrived at the first terrace of gold and emerald than I knew that I must return to the upper air and leave those marvellous gardens and balustrades to their proper citizens; exploring them, if at all, with the eyes of the spirit. That realm of blurred contours and fantastic caverns hidden away as in the heart of a moonstone, belongs to another race than ours. For us sharp outlines of wood and stone, metallic glare of fact and purpose, and all the clever nothingness of science. Up here we are blent of summer frocks, radio concerts, Ruhr valleys, senators, de Valeras. Down there they walk in silent forests whose seasons of flower and decay will not be measured until the stars are shepherded back to the fold of darkness.

When I flung myself panting and tingling on the sand, the wind had already whipped up the surface of the sea, driving in the breakers and clipping off their crests before they stumbled on the shoals. The plunging water came rushing from the purple rim, as taut as a bowstring, where clouds climbed over in hurried parade. Shrill voices detached themselves from the roar. Gulls with white wings aslant and huge ospreys flashed down the windy coast. The whole mass before me became opaque, sky and sea vying in murk and profundity. The shining crystal was now blue basalt.

A shape lifted and sank just beyond the shoal line, lifted and sank again in ponderous impotence. Wave after wave put shoulder to it and shoved it inshore until it grounded itself harshly into the sand. It was a piece of some vessel, a huge oak rib with timbers still bolted firmly to it, the whole so strongly welded and bound that I wondered how any sea could have wrenched and torn it into wreckage. Part of some schooner, probably, a three- or four-master built for long voyages and hazardous weather. Timbers two feet square were split like straws of bamboo, and enormous bolts bent and twisted like rusty pins. Yet the same power that had idly plucked this great ship into a few skeleton boards laid with it at my feet a perfect shell, so fragile that a breath would have cracked its opal symmetry and torn away the rainbow fringe. More delicate than a Chinese miniature, it had come from miles under sea through the strident bullies of the storm, riding safe where oak and steel crashed into splinters. When I took it up into my clumsy hand, at a touch it crumbled, leaving a few fragments of broken colour that blew away with the blowing foam.

There was a wildness on the ocean now that shook me, and, roused to some battling instinct by I know not what inheritance of vainglorious humanity, I faced what seemed to be a universe on the march, an army of grey shapes rushing endlessly by. Should the colossi of Thebes rise from their thrones and, accompanied by thousands of their granite comrades, come plunging in attack down the long corridors of a nightmare, the effect would be somewhat the same as that of the awful ranks which swirled at me from the sea. My hair was dragged back by the wind, my eyes were pricked by needles of salt, and a solid blast walled up the passages of my breath. No longer the leisurely collapse of waves on the shoals. Black towers advanced and smashed perpendicularly, while geysers of spray flew upright into the air. Cloud and water whirled round me in an unbroken circle. There came a wave larger and darker than any before, so huge that it must have been sucked up from the depths. As it exploded, a single pillar of spray shot up into the air and hung there suspended for a moment. Whether my eyes deceived me or whether I looked out from other than mortal eyes, I do not know; but it seemed that the

hanging brine assumed the stature and form of a tall woman draped in transparent grey. With head turned over her shoulder, she gazed back at me with slow, meditative eyes. The wind crumpled her and snatched her away.

I had seen more than I intended, the afternoon was darkening, and I knew that the night would be violent. It was as if I had waged the battle and been subtly beaten by forces that I should be at a loss to describe. Back of the dunes was the pine forest and shelter from the havoc. Half blinded and gasping for breath, I picked my way through the sand, climbed over the dune where the combed grass hissed in the wind, and dropped down into a little hollow screened on three sides by the sandy bastions and opening behind to the mysterious green depths of the pine wood. The quiet of the place was amazing, a pool of quiet, deep, inviolable. I could hear the storm overhead and the sea pounding on the door of the continent, but all that mighty tumult was no more than as remembered waves droning through the convolutions of a shell.

Looking round me, I saw the brown tops of gravestones over the grass, embellished with death's-heads and cherubs, and many a flourish of script. Old captains had been buried here. Out of the confusion of my mind broke the irrelevant thought; most sailors can not swim. They spend their lives on an element essentially alien to them. They go over it; they never penetrate even its surface. They come home from their last voyage, and they and their ships rust away in drydock; or their ships founder, and against their will they leave the swan-path and descend the long staircase that leads to engulfed Atlantis and the lost emeralds of Peru. Nothing of them that doth fade, but doth suffer a sea-change. . . .

It was as though I were being rocked ever so gently in a boat that drifted, without oars or sail, down a long reedy river. Was it the Nile, I wondered, where the phoenix quenched his fiery wings before the last flight to the sole Arabian tree? I started into full consciousness as a gull screamed suddenly above me, but immediately afterward there came another voice from the sea, soft and persuasive: "Lie down and sleep."

ROBERT HILLYER.

AN UP-STATE ANTHOLOGY: IX.

MOLLIE WILKES lives a mile down the road, alone. There was a time, though, when she had company enough, and it was then that she provided the county-farm with half a dozen children who somewhat resembled her, but were yet most various in form and feature.

One of her offspring, a little mulatto boy with thin legs and straight black hair, she refused to part with, even when John Wilkes, the most faithful of her nocturnal visitors, outstayed the others, and insisted on something in the way of a marriage. The rickety boy was an abomination in the sight of John Wilkes, every day of his life; it was possible to forget the other children at the poor-farm, but this one was always having to be kicked into a corner, and always crawling out again to remind Wilkes of a devilish business that he was trying to crowd out of his head. It looked as though Mollie could not give up the boy, or the man either; time and again the neighbours saw her run out into the road with the screaming child in her arms, but somehow or other John Wilkes always argued her into coming back, or dragged her back by main force to the house.

Drunken and sober, this sort of thing went on until no one in the community would give John Wilkes a day's work, or pay him a dollar's wages. He had to go off, then, to one place and another to pick up odd jobs, and each time he pulled out on one of these expeditions,

Mollie's relatives shambled down from the hollow on the other side of Long Mountain, to scrape the house clean of food, and sometimes even to carry off a blanket or an ax. Mollie could not stop these raids; as far as I can find out, she did not try to. It seemed easier, perhaps, to send the boy out begging in the neighbourhood, and to depend upon the charms of her own person, and the whisky of her own manufacture, to fuddle John Wilkes into a decent humour when he turned up again.

There was many a round of beating and cursing, when Wilkes finally discovered what was happening in his house, and many a week of half-starvation for Mollie and the child, waiting for his return this time and that; but things moved along somehow until Wilkes came home unexpectedly one night and found that a strapping Negro had arrived there before him, to father another black brat on the house.

The next day, a neighbour of mine noticed that the front door of the Wilkes house was standing open, swinging in the wind. She went in, and in the kitchen, she found the mulatto boy doubled up behind the stove with most of the life crushed out of him.

Well, Mrs. Johnson put the boy to bed in her best room, and nursed him along; but she says it really seemed as though he didn't want to wake up again. "When he came to," she has been telling me, "the first thing he said was 'I wish he had 'a done it.' 'Done what?' I asked him. 'Beat me to death before he carried ma away. He said he was goin' to.'"

When Willie Sisson was able to get around (by some queer irony, he had come to be known by his mother's "maiden name"), he was taken in by the villagers, one after another, more out of charity than for any other reason, since he was so weakly that he could never manage to return a day's work for a day's pay.

As he grew older, he drifted in and out of the community, coming back again and again to the good neighbour who had waked him up that time when he went to sleep behind the stove. "He always told me what he was up to in town," Mrs. Johnson was saying to me the other day. "He always told me all about it, and I said, 'Willie, you let that low life alone; it will end you, one time or another.' 'Mrs. Johnson,' he said (many a time he said it), 'I hope it will. That's why I'm always mixin' into trouble, hopin' somebody will fix me. I want to do it myself, but I can't.'

"He always talked like that, especially the last time he was here. He didn't seem very glad, either, when I told him Mollie had come back by herself, to the old Wilkes house. He went off down there, and pretty soon Mollie came running up the road. 'Willie's sick,' she said, 'dyin' sick.'

"Well, I helped get him off to the county-hospital, with Mollie taking on something awful about how she had always been good to him. She had been giving him her best bottle of whisky for a celebration, but they say he's getting well. He's sorry, though, I guess; and anyhow they'll have to keep him at the hospital; the doctor says he's going to stay blind."

X

THE most substantial citizen of our village is a man who used to grub his living out of the poorest farm in the country-side—a man of Icelandic vigour and tenacity who forced these unresponsive acres to such productivity that he now has a competence, and might get up at ten o'clock in the morning if he wanted to—might, that is, if he could get up at all.

The reconquest of rocky lands that have once been farmed, and then abandoned to a second growth of cedars and an occasional meandering cow, is something more than a job for a pioneer, and John Johansen was the man for such a job. He tramped into our valley some forty years

ago, looking for work, and old Alex Carpenter took him on, to plow and make hay, and milk the cows by lantern-light before and after. Alex was not much of a farmer himself; if it had not been for that daughter of his, he would have been starved out of business long before he hired John Johansen to work for him. It was Mary that had set the pace, a fine brown girl, with all the strength and hardihood that might have fallen to a son of the house. She could swing a sack of grain across her shoulders with one hand, and old Alex was willing enough to have her do it. He gloried above all things in matching her against his hired help at threshing-time, but the men would not put up with this little embarrassment; they went slinking to look for other jobs, and in spite of all that big Mary could do, things moved along slowly from bad to worse at the Carpenters, and one field after another went out of cultivation.

But here came John Johansen, who could swing three grain-sacks to Mary's two, and from that time on, things began to mend. This Johansen seemed to take naturally to the tillage of these upland fields; he was more at home there than the cedars, for he cleared them away again and sowed seed in their place. He was at home with Mary, too, from the first time they looked each other up and down; and it was altogether in the nature of things that the mastery of the household should pass little by little into his hands.

Old Alex hardly noticed what was happening until his own strength was gone, and only a poor sort of cunning remained to take its place. The attempt that he made then to detach the new master from the soil was an old man's artifice, nothing more; a last will and testament which would transfer the farm to a distant relative, if Mary ever took the name of this hired man.

When Alex had chuckled his last over this piece of humour and had been laid away decently in the churchyard, the great girl and her man were left to consider what they should do. The answer did not come to them at once, but for all their uncertainty they did not lose as much as an hour's daylight from the plowing and seeding. John moved to the barn, and lived there for a while, finding it comfortable enough; and then when Mary finally worked her way through to the idea of a marriage under her own name of Carpenter, John moved back to the house again.

The farm expanded more rapidly now, taking in one stony pasture after another, and turning each to some kind of productivity. There were more cattle about, more plows, more lanterns winking through the barnyards before dawn and after dusk; and every day John Carpenter, rechristened, and one might say, new-crowned, was about the business of seeding or harvesting, or out nibbling away at the edge of the clearings, larger each year than the year before.

The prosperity of the Carpenters was an amazing thing, until that season of the great harvest when there were not men enough to bring in the grain. John Carpenter worked all day then in the fields, and each night he went out into the fields again by moonlight like some earth-conquering god; and then all of a sudden things came to a dead stop.

It was Mary who came out and found big John, and carried him to his bed, and it was she who presently arranged the sale of the place to those Chester Watsons from the city. John did not like it, of course, but he finally gave in, and in the late autumn, the Carpenters moved into our village, with things very comfortable all around. It was not a retreat or a surrender; John would not admit that. He might have called it rather a triumphal march, if he had had any acquaintance with such things. As it is, he keeps tight hold of that proud joke of his about getting up at ten o'clock in the morning if he wants

to; and yet, if he could so much as sit up in his bed, he could see through the window that the upland acres of his farm, a couple of miles away across the valley, are already turning blue-green once more under the deliberate down-march of the cedars.

G. T. R.

SCULPTURE.

RODIN.

It is true that when one thinks of sculptors like Brancusi, who pride themselves on expressing metaphysical ideas in stone, or like Zadkine, who are doing the best they can to forget the tradition in which they are unfortunately born, the place of Rodin in contemporary art seems strangely small. The amused disdain with which he is treated in the conversation of the advance guard seems almost justified and we seem at such times to be as far beyond him as we are beyond Bernini. For there is nothing metaphysical in his works, nor is there anything consciously primitive.

But if, on the other hand, we forget for a moment such extremists as Brancusi and Zadkine and think of Bourdelle and Despiau, Rodin's pupils, suddenly his place expands and occupies almost the whole contemporary field. It would be hard to deny that Bourdelle and Despiau between them are producing as many examples of the beautiful in sculpture as less classical artists. It would be equally hard to deny that they unite two great streams of tradition which fertilize the sculpture of the present. And however much we may be inclined to sniff at some of their master's absurdities, such as "Le Baiser" and "La Porte d'Enfer," we can not end by sniffing at the man who inspired these two artists and who on his own account has to his credit such things as the Burgher with the key, the head of Rose Beuret, a number of the other portraits, and the drawings.

For, after all, the main criticism which is to be legitimately directed against Rodin, is that he was not natively endowed with a sense of design, a shortcoming which is, to be sure, almost fatal. Nothing harsh enough can be said against such twisted and squirming masses as are seen in what he began to think his masterpiece, "La Porte d'Enfer," or against the amorphous Victor Hugo of the Palais Royal, or against the triviality of the Whistler memorial—at least as it appears in reproductions, or of the chaos of "La Défense" which is more like Barthélemy than the master of Despiau.

But even if he had been endowed with a sense of design, his worship of nature would have prevented its expression. For obviously nature is ordered only after man has subjugated it. There is no more order in a sunset or in a turbulent sea than there is in a city dump. They charm their admirers by their power, not by their design; they have a certain romantic impressiveness, like the speeches of eloquent and illogical politicians. But if they were not in movement, if they were suddenly frozen motionless, it is doubtful whether any man in his senses would linger to observe them and be won. So any artist who deliberately makes it his programme to copy nature, is going to achieve beauty on those rare occasions when nature is beautiful. On other occasions he is going to fail as Rodin failed.

The moral becomes clearer when one studies such pieces as the "Age of Bronze" and "John the Baptist." Both of these figures have parts which are almost

superhuman. The head of "John the Baptist" has the quality of the Christ of Amiens; the torso of the "Age of Bronze" is almost Greek. The ensemble of each captures the eye and arrests it for a moment, tries to compel the spectator to admit that it is great. But it fails, for after the first moment the spell is broken, and instead of discovering new beauties in the details as one does, say, in the tympanum of Angoulême or the so-called "Birth of Venus" in the Museo delle Terme, one finds extraordinary revelations of natural incidents, an interesting play of muscles here and there, a startling realism of action, all of which begin the process of disillusionment instead of strengthening the enchantment. The protruding ears of the "Age of Bronze," its skinny forearms and weak legs, the general knobiness of the modelling in "John the Baptist," the resultant confusion of the surface; these things strike one almost before one has begun to search. Yet if one were asked what sculpture were more natural, one could cite only the atrocities of the Luxembourg and the Petit Palais. It was not mere spite that made the Salon reject the "Age of Bronze" on the ground that it was cast from life. It might just as well have been. The only thing that saves such pieces as this from banality and ugliness is the subject matter and the pose. When Rodin came to essay conventional subjects, as in "Le Baiser," or the bust of Mme. Vicunha, or the Danaïd, he succeeded no better than Puech or any of the other fashionable sculptors of his time, whose work has to be protected by steel guards lest the protruding parts be knocked off by passers-by.

The choice of subject matter and pose was not the result of any plan on Rodin's part. Any nude body was interesting to him, so warm was his appreciation of Nature, and any pose into which it happened to fall was worth preservation. He had a love of representing human flesh, be it rich and voluptuous and a torture to behold, or poor and exhausted and a terrible moral lesson. Most of his contemporaries preferred to represent pretty women rather than weather-beaten hags; but that, with its implications, was the main difference between them.

That difference nevertheless was of great historical importance. For Rodin's preferences influenced the young into observing those things in nature which it was customary to neglect. After Rodin there was no more excuse for making white marble confectionery and calling it sculpture. The representation of hard, solid, heavy things in their proper medium became legitimate. Rodin can not be denied the position of pioneer in this new territory. The only one of his contemporaries who had any conception of the limitations of sculpture was Barye. Where would our Epsteins be, or if one wants more conservative names, our Mahonri Youngs, our Borglums, our Barnards and their like (who are not to be grouped together without malice) if Rodin had not opened the gates to a new sculptural land and let them in? Some have profited more than others from this privilege, but short must be their memories if they have forgotten the name of their benefactor.

What Rodin needed was some one to cultivate his field. The two men who have done this most fruitfully are of course Bourdelle and Despiau. The former has taken Rodin and turned him into the Gothic and the Romanesque mould. The bas-reliefs on the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées are Vézelay laicized, but the material in them, the hot passion which is almost pervasive in them, are Rodin. The early Bourdelle, the author of the head of Beethoven, is almost indistinguishable from the author of "The Man with the

Broken Nose." It is the Bourdelle who has left Rodin who has made the most of his master's teachings. Compare his portrait of Anatole France, or better, of Doctor Koeberlé with Rodin's portrait of Puvis de Chavannes, and you see at once how Rodin sacrificed an æsthetic effect for a biographical effect. Heaven only knows what the transcendental object of the portraitist is, whether it is the actual sitter, or some interpretation of the sitter, or some variation on the theme of the sitter, or what not. As something to be looked at, Bourdelle's Doctor Koeberlé is more satisfying than Rodin's Puvis de Chavannes, whether it achieves the peculiar aim of portraiture or not. But Bourdelle would be the first to admit that he would have accomplished nothing without Rodin's inspiration.

The mould which Despiau chose was that of the early Greeks. His surfaces are smooth and relatively unbroken by internal details; his compositions are conceived so simply that even the smallest of them attains a monumental grandeur. It is the grandeur of Chinese sculpture—dignity, calm, a superiority to passion and violence. This mild little man, who has probably not produced two score pieces in all his life, has seldom failed to achieve greatness. A small head of his, "Antoinette," for instance, distends the imagination in much the same way as one of those smiling archaic Greek heads with up-tilted beards. Despiau is never stormy; he has not the noisiness, if one may use this word in relation to sculpture, of Bourdelle, but he has all his power. It is the case of the wind and the sun.

The secret of Rodin is the secret of such men as Victor Hugo or Dostoevsky as contrasted with Flaubert and Turgenev. One can not but admire their tremendous energy; one can not but lose patience with its lack of restraint. They seem to be specimens of arrested development, who would have been marvels if they could have gone on, but remain prodigies for ever, tantalizing to men who have the discipline they lacked but not the power upon which to exercise it, and at the same time as fertile sources of inspiration as Nature herself. One comes away from Rodin burning with a desire to produce great works of sculpture, as one comes from Whitman burning to produce great poems. But one comes away from Bach knowing that nothing more can be done in the genus of counterpoint.

GEORGE BELANE.

THE THEATRE.

A COMEDY OF WIND.

REALISTIC dramas of our common American life are becoming almost epidemic on the New York stage. The latest of these is "The Show-Off" by Mr. George Kelly; a comedy as distinctly native as Mr. McEvoy's "The Potters" and Miss Gale's "Mister Pitt," which are flourishing at other playhouses in New York, and handled with the same degree of shrewdness and intimate sympathy.

While Mr. McEvoy and Miss Gale built their stories about submerged characters who flounder helplessly and almost inarticulately in the rapids of our society, Mr. Kelly has taken for his central figure a variant in the form of a person who has absorbed the windy phrases of the promoter, the advertiser and the go-getter periodical, and indefatigably puffs out his frog-like insignificance with these in order to seem to be an ox of great affairs. Aubrey Piper is a clerk employed in the office of the Pennsylvania Railway in Phila-

delphia at a salary of \$32.50 a week; but in his conversation he is already head of a department, a man of expert knowledge, of multifarious interests and investments. He dresses his part, even to the extent of wearing an appropriate toupee to conceal his straggly locks; and his vocal effort is without stint or limit.

Before we meet Aubrey, we are introduced to the family into which he is to marry. It is a family in process of emerging from troglodytic working-class security into the state of economic desperation commonly known as lower-middle class. The father is a workingman and so is the son, though the latter has been able to re-enforce an inventive curiosity by studies in physics and chemistry. The older daughter is married to a business man, and the younger one works in an office and with her earnings gratifies a passion for attractive clothes. Ceaseless bickering is the principal occupation of these people in their home. In fact, domestic inurbanity has now become a formula in plays of this character. By force of repetition it is becoming a bit tedious, and one wonders whether its persistence is due to the stern dictates of realism, or whether it is somewhat exaggerated in order to give the playwright effective opportunity for sharp comedy-dialogue. In the play the members of the Fisher family seem able to establish a real *entente* only when "the Pennsylvania Railroad," as they call Aubrey, comes courting the younger daughter, Amy; and then they make common cause of exacerbation against him. On the two evenings a week when he calls they sit in the dining-room enjoying a cynical superiority, while Aubrey's patter of great affairs booms and echoes from the parlour.

Like Pa Potter, Mr. McEvoy's helpless white-collar routineer, Aubrey is one hundred per cent American. He is as thoroughly American as an automobile-advertisement or a California real-estater. His ordinary conversation sounds like a speech delivered at a Rotary Club banquet, carried on *ad infinitum*. After he has married and his mother-in-law has become a widow through sudden bereavement, she is persuaded to relieve his indigence by taking him and his wife into the old house to live. He immediately adopts the practice of conveying to strangers the idea that it is *his* house, and that he is giving shelter to the old woman out of charity. He sponges shamelessly on his more successful brother-in-law—and patronizes him. Having borrowed a friend's automobile, he speedily comes to grief. As he describes the incident, he was run down simultaneously by a trolley car and a traffic-policeman, and he comes home considerably battered, but with spirit undampened. As his sister-in-law cynically observes, he will, at any rate, probably get his picture in the papers. When his case comes up in court, he is fined \$1000, and the brother-in-law pays the fine in order to save him from jail. The various members of the family return from the police court in a state of acute depression. The fine is an overwhelming blow; it will take months, even years, of scrimping and saving to make it up. Finally Aubrey himself opens the front door, and his gay voice and pealing laughter from the vestibule burst upon the atmosphere of intense domestic gloom. He has clashed with authority, and feels that he has scored something of a triumph and asserted his importance. The trifle of the fine does not worry him. He has just had a pleasant discussion with the agent of an accident-insurance company and is happily engrossed in the details of a policy for \$50,000!

In the end one of Aubrey's random shots hits the mark. The mechanically-minded son of the family has delved into an invention, and a company has nego-

tiated for the rights on a royalty-basis, with an advance payment of \$50,000. This pie is too good for Aubrey to withhold his finger. Having gathered from a hint dropped here and there what is in the wind, he goes surreptitiously to the officers of the company, representing himself as a railway-official and man of affairs who is voluntarily acting as business-adviser to the youthful inventor and his family, and through some impressive bluster manages to get them to increase the advance payment to \$100,000. At the end of the play this news is broken to the incredulous family, and as the curtain falls, Aubrey's mother-in-law, who has struggled with doubtful success to quench his irrepressible self-adulation while he still had nothing but humiliations and rebuffs to show for himself, exclaims fervently: "God help me now!"

Some of the critics have objected to Aubrey's final *coup* as artificial; but this reviewer found it easily credible. There is little reason to doubt that such a tireless human bellows would travel far on the road to success in a society where the rewards are adjusted to advertisement and salesmanship rather than to workmanship and intelligence. He has no assets higher than unmitigated self-assurance and ready vocalization, but these ought to suffice. Moreover, by subtle contrasts, Mr. Kelly gradually inspires his audience with a sneaking liking for the fellow. Though he is a bore and a living sham, he has genuinely engaging human qualities that enlist one's sympathy. He is tender and affectionate, his very braggadocio is appealingly naïve.

One begins to wonder how many of these unadorned studies of humble domestic life the play-going public of New York will assimilate. As yet there is no sign of weariness. The Fisher family and their Aubrey have been received as enthusiastically as the Potters, and great numbers of people who have never been west of the Hudson River follow with interest and hilarity the presentation of their own every-day mishaps as they are depicted in the lives of men and women living in Philadelphia and Chicago. These comedies have tedious stretches, because the life they depict is tedious, but they are redeemed by a broad spirit of satire.

HAROLD KELLOCK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

LET NOT THE RIGHT HAND KNOW—.

SIRS: At a recent meeting of the Foreign Policy Association, Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, owner of the *New York Times*, said that he was disappointed that none of the previous speakers had referred to the freedom from corruption of the American press. Nobody laughed. Yet this is the same Mr. Ochs on whom I once called with a letter of introduction from a patent-medicine maker, and straightway secured the publication of an editorial article criticizing the Supreme Court of the United States. It is the same Mr. Ochs whose handy man, John Norris, was the active agent in bulldozing President Taft and the Congress into adopting the crooked Canadian Reciprocity scheme for bribing the newspapers with duty-free print paper. What an innocent old humbug Mr. Ochs must be—even to himself. I am, etc.,

New York City.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

O TEMPORA, O MORES!

SIRS: Now anybody may criticize our Government all he wishes. He may blackguard the statesmen at Washington until his sad bosom is emptied of its grief. The blackguarding is good; the looting is in abeyance. But when the looting is at its best, and moving on smoothly, then our patriotic citizens brook no criticism of our noble institutions. Witness the period from 5 April, 1917, to 11 November, 1918. Not since the 'sixties of the preceding century was there so much governmental corruption. In such periods the pickings are

so good that it simply has to go smoothly. The one-hundred-per-cent patriots insist upon clapping into jail anybody who disturbs the serene course of events by exposing the fact that business is good. Mr. Daugherty and Company do well in such times. The slogan is: "The light of patriotism must be kept shining, for under its effulgent rays we make hay."

Now, why the fuss? The boys at Washington are lying low. The looting is not so good as erstwhile. Now it can be told. But just wait till we get back to normal conditions and the picking is running quietly and smoothly, then look out. Let a Chamber of Commerce hear you raise your voice to suggest that the bright escutcheon upon our eagle's breast is not of unblemished pulchritude, and it will write you down as a low person. You are lucky if you get off at that.

The amazing fact is that the people get excited when the smooth course of their Government is disturbed. When it is running quietly they have most cause to be excited, but it is just then that they are most complacent. We shall never get out of our predicament until we resent normalcy, the condition so dear to the hearts of our statesmen and masters of business. I am, etc.,

Brooklyn, New York.

J. P. WARBASSE.

A KINGDOM NOT OF THIS WORLD.

SIRS: *In re* the exclusion of "The State" by Franz Oppenheimer from the Public Library of Brookline, Massachusetts, it only confirms my limited observation that Great Jove must nod in that environment. It is endemic. Such information is disheartening. However, there is a reverse picture. There are many sectarian schools in Minnesota. A bright young student who has access to my library containing "The State," "The Ancient Lowly," "A Living Wage," "The Theory of the Leisure Class" *et al.* beside the *Freeman* and the *Nation*, recently informed me he had passed his examination in so-called economics in a religious college. He stated that the instructor informed him that he was obliged to teach from and according to the textbook recommended by the college. "However," said the Professor, "I wish you to know that I don't believe half of it." "Of such is the Kingdom" of Academic Freedom, but the most of it lies outside the domain of alleged "education." I am, etc.,

Rockefeller Gulch, Minnesota.

T. P. D.

BOOKS.

THE QUESTION OF ENVIRONMENT.

THE American poet is in the tragic position of having to create, not only his work, but also the environment out of which the work springs. In Europe, a certain amount of environment favourable to the arts is still to be obtained. One can still sit in a café in Paris and discuss pictures or poetry; one can still take part in the curiously informal dinner- or tea-parties preferred by the English; and museums, concerts, libraries, picture-galleries, are still popular among the young, and not sacrosanct. But in America one can not discuss the latest book under the shadow of New York's elevated, though I have attempted to do so; nor thrash out questions of technique in the course of a stroll through Chicago's Loop District, though I am told that is the favourite promenade of the Chicago poets. An environment that reacts negatively to art is at best capable of producing only the negative masterpiece: for instance, "Spoon River." America, for all its recent emergence into the condition of a culture-bearing and art-creating country, is still the land of unfulfilled and creatively starved lives. In Europe one fits into one's environment, or rises superior to it. In America one fits, or reacts against it, or one is crushed.

Robert Frost, among American poets of the present day, is lucky in that he found fairly early an environment which did not stiffen him into resisting bitterly, and did not altogether crush him. The only other American poet I can think of that has something of

the same quality of belonging to his surroundings is Carl Sandburg. One thinks of Mr. Sandburg as being surrounded by a background of Chicago's back streets fading away into limitless prairie; one pictures Mr. Frost as standing in a panorama of deserted stone-walled farms, tamarack swamps, straggling orchards, and stony hills. Yet we know that Frost stumbled upon his environment by accident, and perhaps Sandburg stumbled upon his also. Both poets are what they are by accident.

It was, then, in backwoods New England that Frost found a scene in which his introspective, indecisive—and in the end boyishly playful—temperament could play freely, without stiffening into the attitude of stern resistance, as happened in the case of his precursor Mr. Robinson. Indeed, compared with Robinson's relentless analysis of life and his technical mastery of his craft, Frost still seems almost something of an amateur. He wavers, is tentative, half unsays what he wishes to say, romantically hankers after something unattainable and inexpressible; and to this fact is due much of the charm of his writings. No one since Wordsworth has given us such a sense of saturation in nature, up to the point where nature appears a tangible and audible influence upon the spirit itself.

Yet the discovery of this background, though it preserved Frost as a poet, did not gain him the recognition he craved. That was only obtainable through the mediation of England itself. Here, too, Frost was fortunate. He came to England before the war, when Americans were not looked upon as undesirable relatives, and he brought with him enough work already accomplished to convince the English critics of his importance. They could understand a poet who preferred the sights and sounds of the country to the roar and bustle of a big city. Had not Hardy, to mention a contemporary, spent a lifetime remote from London? What they failed to understand was that Frost's remoteness in Franconia was far more absolute from the human standpoint than Hardy's had been in Dorchester. In Franconia one is separated from the wildness by barely a century of time, and it still exists over considerable patches of space. It is still in the foreground of one's consciousness. A thousand years of human effort have not intervened to separate one from it.

When Frost came back to America on the outbreak of the war, it was to find that New York was prepared to echo the verdict of London. At last the experiment was going to be tried. For the first time since the Civil War, there was an American poet capable of dealing with his theme in a new way, and one who had conquered a position in the international world of letters sufficiently high to take rank as a spokesman of his own country.

Since then, Frost has published two more books. It was soon obvious that he was not one to let himself be hurried into print prematurely; but this restraint in production might also be interpreted by some as a defect of material. And now, in view of "New Hampshire,"¹ one almost hesitates whether one ought not to think of this meagreness of production as a defect. The book contains some exquisite things—"A Star in a Stone Boat" and "Two Look at Two" reveal the poet's love of wildness and strangeness in their most romantic, and exquisitely tender, aspect. There are also an excellent handful of wistful, humorous lyrics: "Fragmentary Blue," "Good-bye and Keep Cold" and "I Will Sing You One—O." Yet there are also flat failures like the title-poem itself (largely

composed of pointless and heavy fooling), the laboured and uninspired "Census Taker," the irritatingly vague "Maple," and above all "The Witch of Coös," which is a good Chekhov story spoilt by being written as verse. What induced their conscientious author to include these, I do not know. Did he seriously think them important, or did he merely find himself empty of material, and so cast about for something to fill up a number of pages otherwise blank?

It appears that where Frost began by discovering an environment, he has ended by suffering his environment to dictate to him what he should write. This is the only possible explanation of such a poem as the one that gives the volume its title. Considered either as a work of art or as a manifesto, it is deplorably unnecessary. It is not in this way that a Dante, a Shakespeare, or a Whitman created. These great writers always pitted their personalities against the age they lived in, and they were always able to be of their age and yet aloof from it. Robert Frost ranks extremely high among poets of the second order, but it is only in the second order that he takes position. It may be that it is impossible for our present-day, standardized, dehumanized, dereligionized age, to produce a great poet. If so, we should recognize that fact and make allowances for it.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

MR. ROSENFELD'S MUSICAL CHRONICLE.

MR. ROSENFELD'S first book was a series of "musical portraits"; and some of the best of the pieces in his new one—the Schoenberg, the Saint-Saëns, the Groupe des Six, etc.—form a kind of supplement to it; they are as brilliant as anything in that most thrilling of all works in English on modern music. But Mr. Rosenfeld's new series of essays² covers a more general field: he no longer concentrates solely on the figures of the great modern composers. He has provided, not only a second set of portraits, together with accounts of some single outstanding compositions recently heard in New York, but also a collection of papers on American concerts, concert-halls, musical organizations and conductors which constitutes a fairly comprehensive criticism of the contemporary musical life of the United States.

No one else, I think, has attempted this with equal authority and candour or, above all, with an equal sense of the dramatic. For Mr. Rosenfeld has some of the authentic gift for dramatizing criticism which we find in the great group of French romantic critics which included Michelet and Taine (who was romantic at least in manner, if not in point of view); he shares with them the capacity for presenting even the most abortive incidents in the life of the human intelligence as events in a significant, exciting and highly picturesque adventure. As he has already in "Musical Portraits" dramatized the general situation of the Western World, so he now presents in some detail the action of our own corner of the stage, and lets us see it in relation to the whole. Mr. Rosenfeld has so much vitality of the imagination and so much seriousness about art that he is actually able to make an entertaining narrative out of the banalities of the New York musical season—the patriotic war-concert, the dreariness of Carnegie Hall, Mr. Bodanzky's concessions to his public, Mr. Damrosch's historical cycle, the audience that hissed Stravinsky—no less than out of the Bethlehem Festival and the Kneisel Quartet. Mr. Rosenfeld has invested these subjects with a dignity and an interest which are possible only for one who lives in touch with the great artistic life of the world.

¹ "New Hampshire: a Poem with Notes and Grace-Notes." Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50.

² "Musical Chronicle." Paul Rosenfeld. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.00.

Yet the essential dullness and sterility of much of Mr. Rosenfeld's American material is probably partly responsible for an unevenness of quality which one feels in his second book. There is even in spots something like a deterioration of his literary medium: the style which, in the whole of "Musical Portraits" and in the best of this book, seems to flash with something of the quick clear colours of the music itself, has a tendency to become florid or viscous. Mr. Rosenfeld expands impressions and ideas which would be far more effective if stated more tersely and with a more careful economy of images, into veritable oceans of prose; till one is aroused (changing the figure) to the impulse to perform gargantuan phlebotomies on his paragraphs and let off a gallon or two of adjectives and adverbs, of clauses and metaphors. If Mr. Rosenfeld at his best suggests Taine, at his worst he suggests John Addington Symonds. He is content to give us loosely imaged rhapsodies when what we are demanding is ideas.

In another respect, I can not regard the style of Mr. Rosenfeld's second book as, on the whole, an improvement over that of the first: he has developed a strange taste in the use of words. He writes English with a real command of language and a remarkable richness of vocabulary, but he writes it sometimes not as English prose is written but as the prose of other languages is written, as if he had an imperfect feeling for the edge of English words and the logic of English syntax. He not only invents such dreadful words as "otherwheres" and "illy," as "adventuresome" and "savorsome," as "calmful" and "musicful," and "musics" as a noun meaning musical compositions; but he allows himself to use English words in senses proper to their analogues in other languages but entirely incorrect in ours—as, "That is what Leo Bloch wished to signal [*signaler*] when he said . . ."; "A man who probably ignores [in the French sense of *ignorer*] nothing more than he does the spirit. . ."; "A small power is wrecked in the attempt to develop a space entirely too great for the reach of the undertaker [on the analogy, I suppose, of *entrepreneur*]," or "A seed was brooding in darkness removed entirely of [in the sense of *from* but through a confusion with the French *de*] the institutions made of men"; and he habitually transforms certain English constructions into French or German constructions, writing, "There are moments when he makes me to think . . ."; and "It is necessary for the music that a programme explain it," and "He needed bitterly that the public perceive in him." He writes also "about the time of war's ending [*Kriegsende*]" and "He needed the public to feel certain glorious things about him, untoward him." Now I submit to Mr. Rosenfeld that the adverb from "ill" is "ill," not "illy"; that "ignore" does not mean to be ignorant of; that an undertaker in English is a man who disposes of dead bodies; that "untoward" means unfortunate; that "make," unlike "cause" or "incite," does not take "to" before the infinitive; and that "musics" to an English ear sounds next-door to the old burlesque show "musicke."

The excellent prose of Mr. Rosenfeld's first book did, it is true, show a tendency to fall into certain rather unvarying formulæ, and I feel sure that in the new one some of the clumsiest of his phrasings (along with some of the happiest of his effects) are the result of a natural and laudable effort to work into a more elastic style; but I believe that it is possible to explain Mr. Rosenfeld's carelessness, as well as his tendency to verbosity, on other grounds as well. In the first place, he is a music critic beginning to write about non-musical ideas. Now a certain sort of rhapsodic, symphonic style seems more or less inevitable in describing modern music: Hüniker wrote about music very much as Mr. Rosenfeld does; so did Wagner; so did Berlioz, whose "A Travers Chants"

was the "Musical Chronicle" of the mid-nineteenth century. But it is a style which is likely to prove unsatisfactory in the treatment of subjects of other kinds. Hüniker never really wrote about anything else so well as he did about music; he had no importance, for example, as a literary critic. And Mr. Rosenfeld, I believe, has not yet learned how to make his essentially orchestral style perform the closer and severer function of analysis and exposition. If it is a case of writing about Bruckner, he can write a solemn symphony like Bruckner; if it is a case of describing "Louise," he can write lyrically about Paris like Charpentier. But if it is a case of dealing with some incident of the local season, he will write symphonically or lyrically still. He will develop his statements, not like steps in an argument or like events in a narration, but like musical themes which are to provide the material for elaborate tone-poems or movements. I am not sure that even Mr. Rosenfeld's deadly essay on the awarding of the Prize of Rome would not be more effective and biting for a little compression.

But I feel that there is another and more serious reason for the vices of Mr. Rosenfeld's last book—for this tediousness in a clever man and carelessness in a man of distinction. It is that Mr. Rosenfeld has, since his first book, become a journalist in constant practice. If one is a journalist, one has to write at regular intervals whether one has anything to say or not and one has to write about something up-to-date. If the season offers nothing of importance, Mr. Rosenfeld has to make something out of nothing; if Mengelberg chooses to revive Mahler on a large scale, Mr. Rosenfeld has to expose poor old Mahler all over again, despite the fact that he has already treated him at considerable length in his volume of portraits. And I am convinced that the blight of journalism has begun to show itself in Mr. Rosenfeld's later work. I suspect that fatal dilution of thought which seems inevitable in the New York of to-day where the demand for easily readable criticism of contemporary manifestations of the arts is so appallingly in excess not only of the number of people who can write it but also of anything there is to be said about them; that dilution which reaches its extreme cubic volume in the work of such a man as Mr. Heywood Broun, who has sometimes to review the same insipid play in three different periodicals and is able to make a single novel do duty for a week's worth of columns. If Mr. Rosenfeld were essentially a journalist, as Mr. Broun seems to be, there would be no cause for complaint; but my point is that he is not a journalist; he should never give himself up to being one. Not that I deprecate his journalism; we have had no writing on music better—almost none so good. But the fact rankles with me that his second book should not be of such uniform excellence as the first. Of course, he has made a selection of his magazine articles and recast most of those he has reprinted; but there is no help for a real magazine-article: it has to be born again—born perhaps merely as a single phrase in an essay on something else. My feeling is that Mr. Rosenfeld should write no more magazine articles about music, but a *magnum opus* of some sort. I would back him to write a history of music which would become a popular classic.

For one of the most remarkable things about Mr. Rosenfeld is his cosmopolitan intelligence. I have said that he lives in touch with the great world, but what is most striking is that he does it without effort. For most Americans to apprehend Europe costs much struggle and self-consciousness. But it all comes easily to Mr. Rosenfeld; he has perhaps more than any other of our writers the real freedom of the Continent. His sensibility registers social atmospheres and imaginative points of view (if not always intellectual tides) as soon as it has been brought into contact with them. He seems sometimes

more like a European among us than like an indigenous American—an intelligence which appreciates the New York of Ornstein with the same exquisite ready sympathy that it brings to the Paris of Saint-Saëns or the Poland of Szymanowski. Music is to him a world—a world in which he moves at ease, and in whose variety and abundance he revels. It may be that he has sometimes substituted for the actual achievement of the composer an imaginative vision of his own—but we can forgive this when the vision is one of such vitality and such richness. He is not a critic of the philosophic sort who analyses and defines, and we should probably not expect him to be. He is a romantic commentator on music who is also a commentator on life.

EDMUND WILSON.

IRONY AND PITY.

ESPECIALLY outside Austria, Arthur Schnitzler is a misunderstood writer. He has gained, heaven knows how, a reputation as a light and charming writer on compromising themes, whereas he is the direct opposite of the type. Even in Germany he is a little depreciated, but that is because he writes a prose too effortless, too simple and beautiful to give one a syntactical conviction of profundity. He is not, like Thomas Mann, exquisite successfully but with some difficulty, nor does he write in the old way as if German were a crushing weight, whose oppressiveness one must somehow convey to the reader in one's longer sentences. His style is neither over-refined nor awkward, but simple, natural and always equal to the occasion. It is the expression of his spirit. In his treatment of his themes—or rather of his theme, which is the multiform relations between the sexes—he is more unembarrassed and more detached than any other German writer. This does not mean that he is less sincere; he feels the tragedy and comedy of love poignantly, as any reader of his novels and plays must recognize; but he is not absorbed into these moods; he sees them as things which, painful or pleasant, will pass, fading into the general process of life. This is what gives to his comedy a suspended, almost threatening note; this is also what makes his tragedy not so unconditionally tragic as it might be; though the consolation which he permits will have to many people, by its resolve not to say or promise too much, a look of cynicism. Few writers have given, without apparently trying to do so, a more keen sense of the transitory nature of pleasure, or of the impotence of sorrow to withstand our ever-renewed interest in life as it comes along, even when that interest appears irrelevant to us and we would far rather continue to fan the sinking embers of memory. He finds interest, unending interest, in life, but only an enigmatic consolation; and like Anatole France he has to soften his vision for his readers with irony and pity. He does not exploit these resources as facilely as Anatole France does; they are not flaunted, but rather silent in the harmony of his work; and they are never a sort of *deus ex machina* in constant danger of being overworked. If he is not unduly demonstrative, neither is he excessively reticent; he tries neither to spare our feelings nor to harrow them. His most solid quality is a sort of artistic justice which, like all great æsthetic qualities, is in its roots moral.

This quality of justice it is which makes necessary Schnitzler's irony and pity. These are neither fatuous nor superfluous, as they are sometimes in Anatole France. He does not stand above his characters showering down like a disillusioned demiurge consolation which they do not understand and can not use; he remains like us apart from them, but in the same world, and his irony and pity are, like ours, the salutary and normal response to a human situation. Consequently he humanizes us in a more fundamental way than France, because the means

which he uses are normal while at the same time we are unconscious that they are being employed. His work humanizes us, because in it life is not seen one-sidedly as the preoccupations of existence ordinarily drive us to see it; but justly and in proportion. He sets it there for us, and we must acknowledge it and in doing so find ourselves enriched with a new set of sympathies, and with a tolerance at once wider and more discriminating.

Like most of Schnitzler's other novels, "Dr. Graesler"¹ is a study, full of understanding, of a man's relations with women. The hero, a middle-aged bachelor, discovers after the death of his sister that a blank has been left in his life. He is a conventional and diffident man and in consequence abnormally touchy; and his lack of self-confidence makes him lose the one opportunity which might have been his salvation. The candid and self-reliant Sabine offers openly to marry him, but he fairly turns tail, sending her a vague response which is only too clear; and when his nervous panic has passed away and he realizes he has acted foolishly she is no longer prepared to accept him. Meanwhile he has had a casual affair with a shop-girl, and he hurries back to her, but discovers when he arrives that she is dying of scarlet fever contracted through him from one of his patients. His life seems hopelessly broken up.

He went out into the street, without knowing what to do or where to turn. He hated people, the city, the world, his profession—his profession which had killed the one creature who had seemed destined to bring happiness to him in his declining years. What was there left for him on earth? The one consolation seemed that he could, if he wanted to, abandon medicine and never exchange another word with a human being.

The blow seemed final, yet his life went on. "Less than a month had elapsed since Katherina's death when Dr. Emil Graesler landed on the island of Lanzarote with little Fanny and her mother, who was now Frau Graesler." That is a touch typical of Schnitzler, and the justness of his art is such that one does not doubt for a moment its truth. The marriage is not a sign that the doctor has recovered in such a short time from all his blows; it is the final capitulation of a gentle soul to life as it is. As such it is unbearably sad; yet, since everything in Schnitzler's novels has an enigmatic ring, it is not entirely sad. One feels that the continuity of life will return, on a level of lower vitality it is true, but in the form in which it can best be borne by the protagonist, and not without a measure of solace. Whether this shrinking remnant of life is desirable is a question which different temperaments will answer differently; but certainly so things happen, and all that Schnitzler is concerned with is that we should understand and sympathize. The balance is evenly held.

The story is simple, rapid, economical. It is a novel of fate, for all that happens to Dr. Graesler is brought about by his temperament and is inevitable, the man being what he is. It is not one of Schnitzler's major works, but it is one of his most perfect, more convincing than "Casanova's Homecoming," which, in spite of beautiful episodes, is not indisputably the real thing. Schnitzler's treatment of love is here, as elsewhere, at once frank and without *Schwärmerei*. The translation is good.

EDWIN MUIR.

CRACKING THE WHIP.

AUTOLYCUS, the grandfather of Ulysses, lived at the foot of Parnassus, where he carried on a brisk business in thieving and lying. He had what might now be considered an unfair advantage of help from the gods, but his success made his neighbours cautious if not respectful. The chances are it made them both, as there is no evi-

¹ "Dr. Graesler," Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by E. C. Slade. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.50.

dence that success did not then as now sanctify the method. At any rate, knowing the truth about various shady events in the lives of the immortals, he no doubt laughed at their pretences. Certain versions of his story have even made him the personification of dusk, which deceives men's eyes. However that may be, he was no dupe himself. The author of "Ulug Beg,"¹ in taking the name of Autolycus, has not bound himself to imitate all of his predecessor's characteristics. He, too, punctures solemnities, and like his predecessor makes no claim to the summits of Parnassus. In his first stanza he remarks,

I have endeavoured to screw up the peg
Within a semitone of the sublime,
An altitude of the emotions which
Appears to me about the proper pitch.

He also admits his theft of jewels "five and ten words long" which he has slipped into his poem without compunction. The grandfather of Ulysses, however, undoubtedly approved at bottom of a world in which it was so easy to strip the unwary. The rumour is that when he laid his hands on other men's property, it became, thanks to the magic of Hermes, invisible. This divine attribute is by no means archaic to-day. Hermes, it is true, has surrendered his job to directorates and cabinets, but his protégés, who have taken on dignity with silk hats, continue to do him credit, and think it only just that there should be statues raised to them in their native cities. Unfortunately for their prestige, the author of "Ulug Beg" does not take his interpretation of events from the inscriptions at the base of the statues. He has been observing the antics of such dignity closely, and embodies his opinion of it in a witty, satirical narrative of violence in Samarcand and Lhasa. His prey is varied. Officials, both of Tsar and Soviet, are merely *hors d'œuvres*. Idealists and intellectuals, who slip a straight-jacket of theory over life, are his favourite meat. "The clock-reversers, the millennium-bringers" he calls them, and impudently picks the clasp of the straight-jacket to expose the agitation of lusting bodies underneath.

This riotous tale of treachery and intrigue is told in the Byronic *ottava rima* of "Don Juan." Like Byron, Autolycus maintains a tone of semi-burlesque, permitting himself fantastic associations and an abundance of feminine rhymes. He packs his story with incident, and by an exhilarating ingenuity in versification avoids any slackness throughout seven cantos. The narrative is swift, and the satire as native to it as marrow to a bone. Gólubyov, an amiable and incompetent representative of the Tsar in Turkestan, is seduced by a "magnificence of brow and breast" to the quite understandable indiscretion of entangling his destiny with that of certain native subjects. Among the latter is a timorous and dull-witted youth, Achmet, whose boyhood is spent boot-licking the chief of a gang of promising thieves in Samarcand. On reaching maturity Achmet fails as a spy in Tibet, is reduced to robbing the tills of pawn-shops, and fills an unexalted rôle with middle-aged ladies in India. When revolution later makes a fugitive of Gólubyov, an opportune spell of delirium raises Achmet to the majesty of a prophet and the title of "Ulug Beg," once held by the grandson of Timur. In the Occident, having realized that the Oriental performs all actions backwards, we have learned to let delirium strike the multitude, at constitutional intervals, while the prophet's temperature remains tepid. A difference of technique. Even Achmet's temperature drops quickly to a gentle simmering, content to let the army dwindle so long as his harem is regularly restocked. His enjoyment of his new dignity, however, is somewhat disturbed by the ambition of Zuleika, who

rowels the spineless Prophet into constant activity. Zuleika, who was of ruthless desert-pirate stock, carried a most disquieting burr in her side: she loved Achmet; and her passion found only agony in his incapacity for a response. Poor Achmet only wanted to be comfortable. Numerous minor characters, bandits, carpet-traders, false prophets, and petty officials, swim in and out of the yarn. Captain Barsov, for example, who was Gólubyov's assistant:

Barsov's promotion had been long a-coming.
His talents were so fitted to routine
As to exert an influence benumbing
On his advance. Soldiers know what I mean.

And when the Captain was ordered to investigate the case of two wretches taken in a brawl, one of whom the reader knows to be the victim,

Barsov withdrew
Clanking, and came unto those luckless two,
Whom swiftly, in a tongue unknown to them,
He first insulted with elaboration,
And then proceeded blithely to condemn
To a period of prolonged incarceration
In Khiva that the lonely deserts hem,
To hammer there the stones of desolation.
Justice, to Barsov, I need hardly state,
Was what you do to the unfortunate.

Autolycus has discovered that the "mysterious East" is no more mysterious than the East Side. Organized Buddhism, like organized Christianity, blesses what its founder detested, and in Samarcand as well as Nebraska man's activity is largely footless. Occasionally a digression from the story drops the jest, and betrays how much the inscriptions at the base of the statues nauseate this observer. Jami's political orations, promising happiness through democracy, evoke this comment:

Historically, the tyrant and the mob
Are only shifts on the same dirty job.

And as between their virtues I stand neuter,
I think millennium will not come this chiliad.
Hence, littera digamma restituta,
I undertook my sanguinary Viliad.
The age of iron's gone, the age of pewter
Succeeds. I see damned little balm in Gilead—
Certainly not sufficient, it is plain,
To heal a tittle of the dumb world's pain.

So, for dear Christ's sake, let us laugh at it,
At least roll back your aching lips and grin,
And play at horseplay, being short of wit,
Since we can't help the folly and the sin.

The gall of futility has salted this horse-play. Autolycus, the grandfather of Ulysses, it is to be remembered, knew the inside story of the immortals. But the poem is so quick with invention, and the characters so human in their squirmings under the thumb of chance, that anyone who is not occupied for the moment in saving the world will find gleeful delight in its pages.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

A CHINESE STORY TELLER.

THE indirection and the subtlety of Chinese character and Chinese action are, in "The Wallet of Kai Lung,"² worked into stories that are ingenious and ingenuous, rational and fantastic; and the stories are continuously diverting. Ernest Bramah is not merely an exploiter of the alien. He has spontaneous invention. His sentences are so composed that it is a delight to read them aloud; they are the sentences of a writer who is a writer indeed. "The

¹"Ulug Beg: An Epic Poem, Comic in Intention." Autolycus. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

²"The Wallet of Kai Lung." Ernest Bramah. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

Wallet of Kai Lung" triumphs through its style; so circumspect and circumstantial is everything that is said that one gives credence to what in a less ordered language would be all fantasy and paradox.

Having observed that misfortunes and losses are much less keenly felt when they immediately follow in the steps of an earlier evil, the benevolent and humane-minded Chan Hung devised an ingenious method of lightening the burden of a necessary taxation by arranging that those persons who were the most heavily involved should be made the victims of an attack and robbery on the night before the matter became due. By this thoughtful expedient the unpleasant duty of parting from so many taels was almost imperceptibly led up to, and when, after the lapse of some slight period, the first sums of money were secretly returned, with a written proverb appropriate to the occasion, the public rejoicing of those who, had the matter been left to its natural course, would still have been filling the air with bitter and unendurable lamentations, plainly testified to the inspired wisdom of the enlightened Mandarin.

But this circumspect and circumstantial writing never becomes wearisome: it is the proper idiom of one who is a most expert story-teller. In the first story that Kai Lung relates the hero is one Ling whose ambition is towards a literary career. He passes an examination and he is immediately made the commander of a band of valiant and bloodthirsty bowmen. After the first and only battle that he engages in he is reported dead; in vain does he strive to convince the Office of Warlike Deeds and Arrangements that he is still living: he has been reported dead under the Emperor's seal and dead he is officially. In despair Ling drinks of a certain potion. The potion had been prepared by a magician who was the adopted father of the loving and ornamental Mian. And having drunk of it, behold, the parts of his body that he shaved off or pared off were gold. At his death Ling would be transmuted into the precious metal. A promoter, Chang-ch'un formed "The Ling (After Death) Without Much Risk Assembly" with the idea of making dividends out of the transmuted Ling; and then the promoter tried to take advantage of the fact that Ling was officially dead. Ling and Mian countered the move, triumphed over the mercenary Chang-ch'un and won concessions from him that left them riches with a tolerable life, the most esteemed of the concessions being that "only a portion of his body was to pass to Chang when the end arrived, the upper part remaining to embellish the family altar and receive the veneration of posterity." It is all told with a rapidity of invention which is not apparent in the composed narrative. "The Transmutation of Ling" is the longest as it is the first offering from the story-teller Kai Lung's wallet. There are eight other stories.

"The Wallet of Kai Lung" is one of the few really entertaining books of the past few years. It is a book that one leaves on a lower shelf to pick up and read again from time to time. One need not proclaim it a masterpiece, but one can say that it is the work of a writer who has discovered a rich material and a fresh idiom.

PADRATC COLUM.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"How LABOUR GOVERNS,"¹ a detailed study of the political and industrial organization of labour in Australia down to 1921, is naturally of interest chiefly to students of the labour-movement in that Commonwealth; but certain parts of the history which it narrates are of such general importance as to make the book exceptionally valuable to students of the labour-movement everywhere. The transformation which organized labour, however highly developed trade unionism may have been, has undergone in every country once a political Labour party has appeared, and the disastrous effects of the political

alliances which minority Labour parties have made with a view to maintaining themselves as an Opposition or directing affairs as a Government, have nowhere been set forth more clearly or convincingly than in Mr. Childe's pages. If the experience of Australia holds a teaching of general application, it would seem to be that a Labour party, however great its difficulty in getting on without alliances, can not get on with them and retain its essentially labour-character. Mr. Childe has also given one of the fairest and most thorough accounts of the work of the I. W. W. that we have seen; his account of the rise of the One Big Union movement is a valuable addition to the scanty literature of the subject; while his exposure of the political chicanery of the Australian Government during the world-war marshals further proof of the mercenary elements in that struggle.

W. M.

As a piece of sheer virtuosity, Elinor Wylie's "sedate extravaganza"² eludes criticism. Having set for herself a pattern of romance made up in equal parts of fiction and of poetry, she adheres to it with a charming delicacy. The pages unfold a succession of pictures upon which the blending of tone is as faithfully produced as upon canvas. Every move of the languid Jennifer is a pose of rehearsed and calculated design, from break of day until the night when she "lay watching the bluish flame of her night-lamp beside her bed, spreading thinly, like milk in a muddy pool, through a darkness rendered more brown than black by filtrations of fog from without; beyond the window-panes an evil yellow gloom mirrored and magnified the ring of brightness." Equal detail is lavished upon the magnificent Gerald—a commanding figure endowed with all those masculine graces that are calculated to make a fitting companion piece for such a heroine. Mrs. Wylie carries these two figures through the major portion of her narrative with a sure touch. It is only when one draws towards the close of the book that one begins to suspect that she has sustained the mood beyond its capacity; it might have been better if she had stopped this side of the Arabian nights. England and Calcutta, made vivid in the author's bright and fantastic prose, are memorable, but Persia, being Oriental enough to start with, adorns her tale unduly, like the fringe upon a prayer rug.

L. B.

A REVIEWERS NOTEBOOK

IN November, 1812, Joel Barlow, in his post-chaise, with a copy of the "Columbiad" in his portmanteau, trundled over the plains of Poland. He was to die there four weeks later, on the road to Cracow; the frozen bread and frozen wine, the mud and the snow of those devastated regions were to prove too much for him. He had not been able to reach the Emperor in time: Napoleon was in full retreat. No matter! The "Columbiad" was safe there beside him. They had defied America to produce a poet, and the *Edinburgh Review* had been obliged to call him a giant—"though not equal to Milton." He had, in short, written an epic, and he had shown that the Revival of Learning, the Reformation and the happiness of humanity were all due to the discovery of the "last and greatest theatre for the improvement of mankind in every article in which they are capable of improvement." There it was, the most elegant of quartos, 450 pages, embellished with Robert Fulton's designs, cut by the first engravers of London and Paris. In vain had he followed the Emperor six hundred and fifty leagues over a country more desolate than the Western prairies: he had been too late to conclude the treaty that was to put an end to the French depredations on American shipping. But these were small matters; some one else could attend to them. Who but he could have written the promised American epic?

It was a seemly end for a poet whose life had been perhaps too smooth. Plutarch would have desired just such a touch with which to wind up the biography of a man of letters who had also been a servant of the Republic. Still, it would have been more grateful to die in Paris, in

¹ "How Labour Governs." A Detailed Study of Workers' Representation in Australia. V. S. Childe. London: The Labour Publishing Co., Ltd.

² "Jennifer Lorn: A Sedate Extravaganza." Elinor Wylie. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

the old house in the rue de Vaugirard where he had lived so many years—eighteen, after all, and what years!—the house he had found again after seven years absence. His white ponies had died of old age and his little phaeton had vanished; but his garden, planted with his own hand, where he had worked every morning for an hour before breakfast, had grown up into thickets, and his ancient servants had pressed round him with tears of gratitude and attachment. Volney had retreated to the country, but there were visits back and forth, and he had found himself once more in the circle of the philosophers. In these rooms he had translated "The Ruins"; there he had composed his "Letter to the National Convention" thanks to which he had been made, with Washington and Hamilton, a French citizen; he had written his "Conspiracy of Kings" and "Advice to the Privileged Orders"; and there the companion of Tom Paine had also become the companion of Robert Fulton. Happy days when philanthropists were also philosophers, and poets were both, and the world's great age began anew with every spirited pamphlet!

HE had taken so naturally to this philosophy of the Revolution. It was so inclusive and so practical. It embraced the study of hygiene, of engineering, farming, ploughshares, and beet-roots, along with the causes of the decline of empires and the rights of man. You could project a history of the French Revolution and at the same time make a fortune in consols: he had himself done both, and both were equally philosophic. He had had no difficulty in accommodating himself to this greater world, he whose first task, as a chaplain in the American army, had been to revise Isaac Watts's hymns. The village preacher from Connecticut had passed by an easy transition into the Voltairean sceptic; the "Hartford wit" had become a lesser Franklin; the college orator had found himself nominated as the deputy from Savoy. Such were the all-facilitating usages of the eighteenth century. It was true he had had some experience of revolution and the founding of a new political order. If it was a question of denouncing kings and priests he had as eloquent a pen as anyone. If it was a question of information about finance in a new republic he could speak with authority. The discovery of America had not had quite the effect on the course of history which the poet had claimed for it in his epic, but the American Revolution had developed its directors into citizens of the world.

So the years had passed—eighteen. From year to year he had postponed his return. He had been sent to Algiers as ambassador to negotiate with the Barbary pirates. He had worked with Fulton over the designs for his diving boat and his steamboat; he had witnessed the marriage of Thomas Melville to the niece of Madame Recamier—the same Thomas who, with scythe in hand on his Pittsfield farm, was to retain for his nephew Herman "the shadowy aspect of a courtier of Louis XVI, reduced as a refugee to humble employment in a region far from gilded Versailles"; he had been the friend of Benjamin West of whom Hazlitt was to speak so unkindly, the same West who, in the "Columbiad,"

Spurns the cold critic rules to seize the heart,
And boldly bursts the former bounds of art.

No wonder he had been loath to return to the Western wilderness that he had made "vocal in his praise." It was not the Eden he had pictured in his poem—not even the noble forest "consisting of trees that spontaneously produce sugar and a plant that yields ready-made candles" described in the prospectus of the Ohio Company of which he had originally come to Europe as the representative. He had been the unconscious victim of that particular swindle—he and Jefferson and two or three French travellers who had been captivated by thoughts of the free and

happy life to be led on the banks of the Scioto. But he had not become a philosopher in vain. The men of the eighteenth century, even the least of them—it is their extraordinary distinction—imposed themselves on life; they forced upon their environment the frame of their own minds. Whatever spot they touched, how desolate soever it might be, instantly assumed the stamp of the classical world.

BEHOLD our poet, then, restored to his own country, settled in the capital. Washington in 1805—we know it, the mud, the wandering cows—from the letters of Abigail Adams. But the author of the "Columbiad" has no eye for the sordid facts of Main Street. Good fortune has removed him from these grating realities; for him Washington is another Paris. He has bought an old mansion on a terraced plateau overlooking the Potomac. Down the slope a driveway winds through its green lawns, and the philosopher straightway sets to work "to make it a little paradise." He calls it Kalorama, since Bellevue is already too common: Latrobe gives him advice; Fulton designs his summer-house; he adds two wings, fountains, flowers-beds, instals his library, the largest in the country, and the picture is complete. There Jefferson and Madison visit him and discuss philosophy, art, improved varieties of seeds, agricultural implements and the future of society; there Fulton constructs his model of the "Clermont," and the house becomes a common centre for all those who are interested in the news and gossip of the Old World. There, too, the sage matures the great project of his latter years, the founding of a National University.

It was to combine, as he planned it, "the objects and functions of the Royal Institution of England and the National Institute of France." It was to include a Conservatory of Useful Arts and Trades, a Museum of Natural History, a Museum of Fine Arts, a National Library, a School of Mines, a School of Roads and Bridges, a School of General Science, a School of Medicine and an Observatory. For this he won the support of most of the leading Republicans, but the plan was defeated by the indifference of the majority of the Congressmen to anything but the material development of the country.

I would suggest [he wrote in one of his letters] that in all our country there is evidently too little attention paid to men of science, as well as to men of literature. It is really discouraging to all liberal pursuits, and proves that the Government is accessory to the great national sin of our country, which I fear will overthrow its liberties: I mean the inordinate and universal pursuit of wealth as a means of distinction. For example, if I find that writing the 'Columbiad,' with all the moral qualities, literature and science which that work supposes, will not place me on a footing with John Taylor, who is rich, why, then, I'll be rich too; I'll despise my literary labours, which tend to build up our system of free government, and I'll boast of my bank shares, which tend to pull it down, because these, and not those, procure me the distinction which we all desire.

So spoke the survivor of the great days of the Encyclopædists. But the forest returned no echo.

At least he had achieved his dear, his idolized "Columbiad." It had been the dream of his life, cherished since the days when Parson Bartlett of Redding, "ardently looking forward to the advent of a national poet," had started him on his career. He had published it and rewritten it and enlarged it and published it again. It had never been out of his sight or out of his thought, and he was undoubtedly convinced that it was immortal. Posterity is of the opinion of the secretary of the National Institute of France who wrote to its author, thanking him for the gift: "The edition of your poem proves that typography has made great progress in the United States." It was beautifully printed—no one has ever denied that.

The Freeman Pamphlets

are obtainable at the retail prices named, or the whole set for \$7.25.

The sixteen pamphlets briefly described:

THE ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD (50c.) Katharine Anthony, editor.

PREPARED with reference to British conditions by a committee of seven distinguished publicists, including H. N. Brailsford and A. Maude Royden, it was adapted to American conditions by Miss Anthony. 75 pages.

THE TWELVE (50c.) by Alexander Blok.

AN epic of the Russian Revolution. The English version is by Babette Deutsch and A. Yarmolinsky, who have added marginal notes like those in "The Ancient Mariner" and who have written an explanatory introduction. 23 pages.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND OUR REVENUE PROBLEM (50c.) by John S. Codman.

ECONOMIC distress is entirely artificial and therefore preventable; it arises from a faulty system of land-tenure which permits exclusive possession by individuals of gifts of nature without adequate payment for the privilege. The author makes a logical presentation of the relation of unemployed to our revenue system and proves that withholding valuable land from use restricts economic opportunity and produces involuntary unemployment which, in turn, is the underlying cause of low wages, poverty, disease and crime. 64 pages. (In cloth, \$1.00.)

PATRIOTISM, TRUTH AND WAR GUILT (50c.) by Georges Demartial.

A PATRIOTIC Frenchman raises his voice in resentment against the attempt to absolve all Governments except that of Germany from responsibility for the war. Introduction by E. D. Morel. 57 pages.

THE ECONOMICS OF IRELAND (25c.) by George W. Russell ("Æ").

THIS is an article which appeared in an early number of the FREEMAN. It is one of the best short works by a man whom many regard as Ireland's leading citizen. Introduction by Francis Hackett. 24 pages.

SOCIALISM ON TRIAL (50c.) by Morris Hillquit.

THIS is counsel's closing address in the trial of the Socialists whom the New York State Legislature ousted in 1920. It is a statement of the American Socialist position. 80 pages.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PROPOSALS AND CONCEPTIONS OF SOCIALISM (50c.) by Max Hirsch.

ONE of the most effective counter-arguments to socialism thus far published. The book consists of lectures delivered in Melbourne in 1904, and later repeated in England. Introduction by Francis Neilson. 59 pages.

DUTY TO CIVILIZATION (50c.) by Francis Neilson.

MR. NEILSON preaches the necessity of a complete examination of the causes of the war with a view to a just apportionment of the blame. To carry this out, frank admission of proved error and prejudice is imperative. The hypocrisy and lies which surround vital questions are posed against the background of modern European history without which the facts cannot be comprehended. 136 pages. (In cloth, \$1.00.)

CIVIL WAR IN WEST VIRGINIA (50c.) by Winthrop D. Lane.

THE author made a first-hand examination of conditions in the coal-district and presents his findings impartially. Introduction by John R. Commons. 128 pages.

THE MYTH OF A GUILTY NATION (50c.) by Albert Jay Nock.

FREEMAN readers are familiar with this pamphlet, which was originally published in the FREEMAN and signed "Historicus." In its present form it has had a wide sale, and has been included in every important bibliography of post-war literature. 114 pages. (In cloth, \$1.00.)

THE HISTORICAL RHINE POLICY OF THE FRENCH (50c.) by Herman Oncken.

A HISTORICAL survey that is especially timely because of the present tactics of the French Government in its attitude towards Germany, but its enduring value lies in its clarification for all time of a situation that has long been disputed and distorted. Introduction by Ferdinand Schevill. 56 pages.

ASIA'S AMERICAN PROBLEM (25c.) by Geroid Tanquary Robinson.

THE author's subtitle best describes it: "A diffident discussion of the project sometimes called the New International Chinese Consortium, and of certain other combustible matters pertaining thereto." 27 pages.

A GREAT INIQUITY (25c.) by Leo Tolstoy.

THIS famous pamphlet on the land question has become a classic since its first appearance in English in the London Times in 1905. 38 pages.

ON AMERICAN BOOKS (50c.) Francis Hackett, editor. ESSAYS on various aspects of American literature by Francis Hackett, J. E. Spingarn, Padraic Colum, H. L. Mencken, and Morris R. Cohen. In abridged form it appeared as a supplement to the London Nation. It is a unique and unconventional assessment of contemporary literary values. 59 pages.

"WHERE IRON IS, THERE IS THE FATHERLAND" (50c.) by C. K. Streit.

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